

THE  
South Atlantic Quarterly

WILLIAM K. BOYD,  
WILLIAM H. WANNAMAKER, } EDITORS

Volume XXII

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DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

1923

NEW  
PUB  
LIST

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 ASTOR, LENOX AND  
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 1923  
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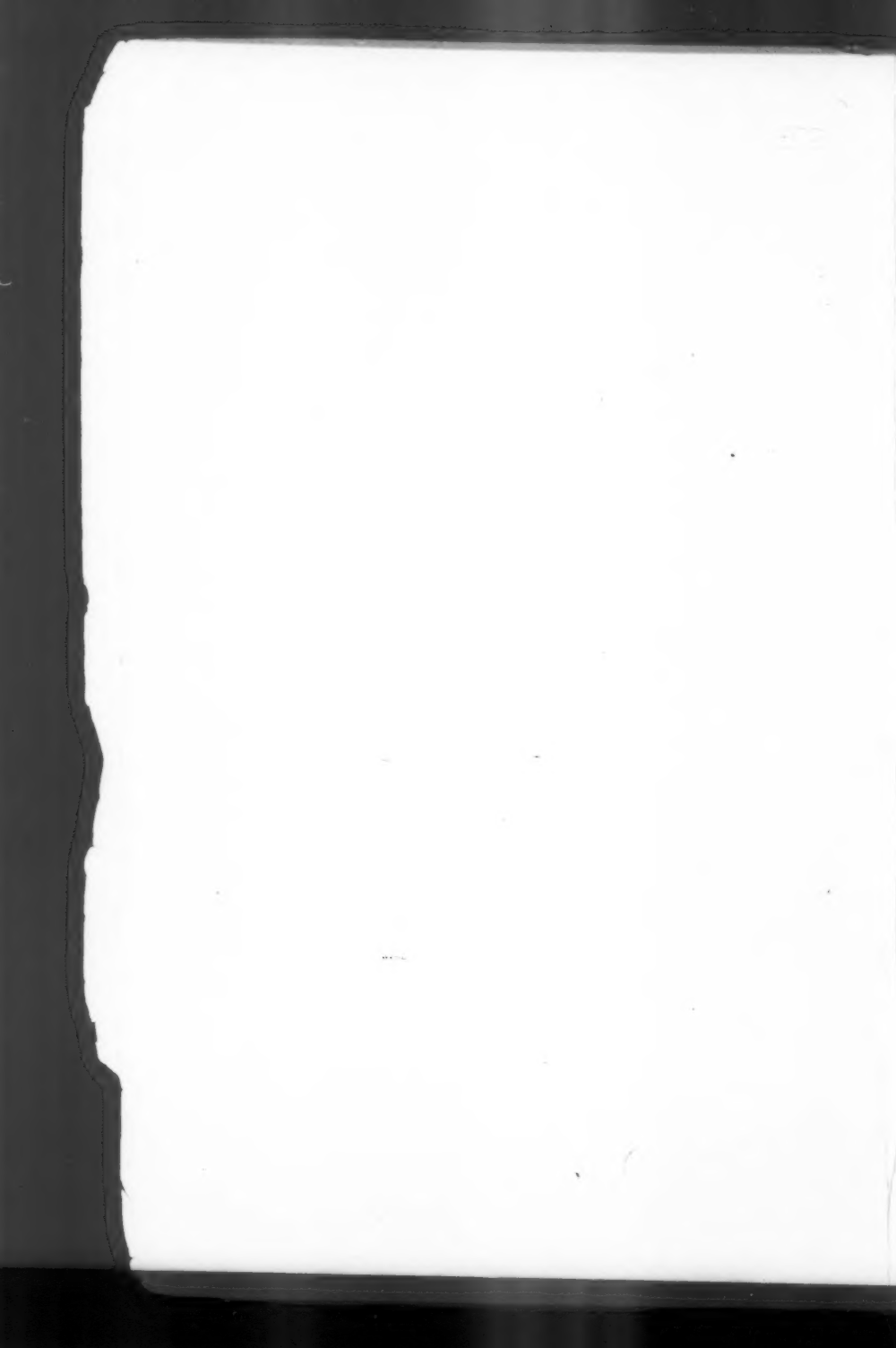
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Volume XXII

JANUARY

Number 1

# The South Atlantic Quarterly

## On Prison Reform

CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF  
Philadelphia.

Prison reform, declares a writer in the *Canadian Municipal Journal*, is a business proposition. Once the cities wake up to its vital place in civic life, then something will be done. In order to stimulate the sluggish brains of local statesmen, this writer ventured to make the following suggestions for their consideration:

A social survey of the territory over which they exercise jurisdiction to determine what are considered incitements to lawlessness; a study of neighborhoods that supply the largest proportion of offenders against the law; an analysis of crime in relation to non-employment, feeble-mindedness, and lack of education; and information (other than the police records) which indicate the why and wherefore of repeaters, and the high cost of living and housing conditions. If, in the interests of the physical health of the people specific sanitary regulations are required to be kept, it is much more germane to the all-round health of a community that mental diseases should be analysed and dealt with accordingly. Crime is perhaps most frequently a product of ignorance, and ignorance and degeneracy are almost synonymous terms.

It was further suggested that a report upon the results of probation, and suspended sentences and similar acts would yield important conclusions. Municipalities will find in these much food for thought, attesting, as they do, that two thirds of crime can be checked in its incipient stages. The common sense reading of the outcome of these measures is to the mind

of Mr. Nichols, who makes the suggestion, an urgent call to extend the principle of these acts to courts where they at present do not operate.

In a striking address before the Philadelphia Forum, William J. Burns, now Chief of the Federal Secret Service, stated that in his experience of thirty years and as a student of psychology he had come to the conclusion that crime is a result of environment; that environment is responsible for 85 per cent of all crimes, and that crime is like a contagious disease in that it breeds more freely in corrupt environments. As an example he cited the case of a young man whom he referred to as Mr. Brandt, living in a town in the middle west, who, desirous of becoming an actor, came to New York to seek his fortune; being unable to make the necessary connection and his finances becoming low, he easily drifted into smart, bad company. It was not long before Brandt was induced "to lay" down a bad check in one of the banks. This resulted in his arrest, conviction and imprisonment for two years in Sing Sing Prison. Upon his release he returned to his former companions and before long was again in the toils of the law. He served four terms in prison.

Upon being released the last time, the great World War had just broken out and being possessed of a patriotic spirit, Brandt enlisted in the United States Army and through his daring achievements was soon made a first lieutenant, after which he was wounded and sent to a hospital, where he met a number of college men who were convalescing. In due course of conversation confidences were exchanged, as a result of which, upon the termination of the war, Brandt was able to secure a very responsible position with a banking institution. It was not long after this that his companions of bad environment soon found him out and tempting offers to rob the institution were made to him which he steadfastly refused, and he was highly commended by the officials of the institution. Mr. Burns maintained that this proved the theory that environment was responsible for this young man's downfall and also for his uplift.

One of the most important reforms to be introduced is that of making prisoners self-supporting while serving their sen-

tences with opportunity to save up something for their support after release. Time and again I have seen the importance. Just as I am writing this, I know of a man who has just finished his term who would be back in criminal ways again had he not been able to lay aside enough money to keep him until he is able to re-establish himself, which he is most desirous of doing, if he can hold out, and the money he has is helping him to hold out! Moreover, the law ought to make it possible for the prisoners to support, so far as possible from the fruit of their labor within the prison, dependents left as a public charge upon the community. Montreal Jail, which cost, I am told, a fabulous sum to erect, was strongly endorsed by the Quebec Legislature because it was provided with facilities for enabling men to work at occupations from which they could help their wives and families. I am further informed, however, that up to this hour not a cent has come from that jail to any of the inmate dependents. In fact the land at the disposal of the Warden is utterly insufficient for the purpose, and yet there is an act on the statute books of the Province which makes it imperative that inmates of the jail shall have this privilege.

We have all too many jails that treat men as if they were mere vultures and had to be kept in their cells for fear of invading the big world outside their environment. Work is nature's corrective of nearly all the evils under the sun. It unquestionably constitutes the best form of discipline, and to that type of character which would rather steal than eat—it is "hell," especially when he knows that its concomitant, in dollars and cents, will be sent outside to feed the people whom he cruelly neglected and disgraced.

Statistics show that the decline of "dope" habits, and of all the horrible unnatural crimes which were not so long ago taken as an inevitable adjunct of prison life in a certain definite per cent of the inmates, have declined steadily and rapidly through the application of the rules of sanitation, food and exercise to the daily prison life, and the introduction of a liberal ratio of work and amusement. The prisoner who has

an interest in life can be given an incentive to retrieve himself. Long ago a great Italian wrote: "Beware of him who has nothing to lose."

Another important plank in Mr. Nichol's interesting and important program deals with the formulation of some plan whereby men honorably discharged from prison shall be given a chance to "make good" outside prison. This seems not only feasible but rational. A man who has wronged the town from which he hailed should be given a chance to "make good" in that town. We sing about Brotherhood, says Mr. Nichols, and it has become so much of a phrase as to suggest canting when one hears it. "Why not practice it a little more than we do," he pertinently asks.

Still another plank embodies the thought of a Public Defender or poor man's lawyer, as he is oftentimes called. This is a subject which Reginald Heber Smith has discussed at length and with distinction in his monumental report to the Carnegie Institution on *Justice and the Poor*.

In an address before the National Conference of Social Work, Louisiana's distinguished and useful Governor, John M. Parker, said: "When it comes to prison inmates, I would advocate for them as much outdoor life as possible. When I compare our prisons here with the Sing Sing I saw forty-five years ago as a boy, I think we have made enormous strides. There are no longer the sweaty walls and filthy cells of the past, nor the leasing out of prisoners for labor. Our convicts work in the fields and their tasks are not as arduous, nor their hours as long as people think. But I hope to see the work in the open developed and I am going to make every effort to give them vegetable gardening and other things to do, which will not only improve their condition but will be of economic value to the state."

According to a New York law, any person convicted of an offense punishable by imprisonment in any institution that is controlled by the Department of Correction shall receive an indeterminate sentence. It is further provided that the committing magistrates are entitled to sit with the Commission and to vote on the question of parole. In the case of peni-

tentiary commitments the judge or court must approve of the parole in writing before it can become effective.

At first sight the method of the Commission in fixing the sentence appears puzzling if not inconsistent to Father Treacy, S. J., who in writing in *America* pointed out that unless one realizes that each case is treated individually and not according to a set rule of procedure the entire attitude of the Commission in handling the prisoner will be misunderstood. For example, a man with a previous record may get off with a lighter sentence than a first offender. Almost anyone asked offhand to determine a sentence would give the longer period to the man with a previous prison record. The Commission, however, takes up the case of Bill Jones as an individual, and while it finds that ten years ago Bill Jones had spent an enforced vacation at the expense of the state, and maybe five years before that he had been summering or wintering on some island in the river, his record for the last ten years shows that he had tried to live down the past and had actually succeeded up to the present unfortunate moment when he finds himself in the toils of the law. Awaiting sentence with him is John Doe who has no criminal record against him. On investigation the Commission finds that John Doe belongs to a clever criminal class, and while guilty of serious crimes has never been caught before. He may have been the clever director of a set of drug peddlers. When the "gang" were hunted down he was not among them. In a word he belongs to the class of successful criminals who seem to give the lie to those who identify crime with ignorance. The investigation of the Commission establishes the fact, and John Doe, with the paper record of a first offender and the real record of an old offender who has successfully dodged the hand of the law, goes up for a longer term than Bill Jones with his two prison records against him. Or again a man may steal a package without knowing the value of its contents. Well, the law values it in this way. If the contents amount to \$50 or a fraction below, the act is petit larceny; if a fraction above \$50 the act is grand larceny. After all the man's motive was to steal the package. It is the Commission's object to investigate the individual case so thoroughly that not only the offense in

its legal worth shall be estimated, but that the offender and his motive shall be accurately estimated. Needless to say such investigation is most comprehensive and brings in all kinds of attendant circumstances. It may happen that the value of the article stolen is the least cogent factor in the case.

It is at the time of the prisoner's release, however, that the New York Parole Commission does its most important work. He is brought to the office of the commission and given instructions on the condition of his parole. His individual history is placed in the hands of the parole officer to whose care he is entrusted. He may break parole without violating the law. If he is instructed by the commission to avoid a certain neighborhood or certain individuals and he disobeys instructions he is liable to arrest on warrant issued by the commission. Twice a month the parole prisoner must report to the officer who is responsible for him. One very important point insisted on is this: no prisoner is paroled until work of some kind is secured for him. In fact the Commission has an employment agent who is in touch with organizations that help to secure positions for paroled prisoners. The more perfect the placement work becomes the more successful will be the general work of the Parole Commission. Indeed everyone interested in prison work realizes what a dangerous thing idleness is to the discharged or paroled prisoner. The commission is alive to this fact. Again it must be remembered that the parole is not a discharge. In the mind of the Commission each man on parole is serving the full term imposed by law. Its purpose, however, is to make the terms of imprisonment as short as they can reasonably be made in fulfilling the ends of justice and the needs of the individual case. Experience seems to show that the prisoner responds to the confidence reposed in him by the parole plan, that is, of course, where the man who has enough good in him to respond to any appeal. It is evident neither the Commission nor the parole can meet the hardened criminal.

Without doubt the feasibility of the methods followed by the Parole Commission is best approved by the fact that violations of parole have decreased each succeeding year since the law establishing the Commission went into effect. An-

other rather encouraging sign, according to Father Treacy, for those who have been interested in this method of dealing with prisoners, is the war record of the paroled prisoners. At least two hundred and fifty-seven (257) men released on parole in 1918 served with the armed forces of the nation in her hour of trial. The last report of the Commission concludes by reminding the city government that this experiment in criminology has its economic value. For it has lessened the number of city dependents by decreasing commitments, and has enabled a large number of men to become self-supporting. Certainly, he asserts, during the relatively brief period of its existence the Parole Commission has vindicated itself. W

It is interesting to contrast this account of the actual workings of the New York legislation with the extraordinary views of Major Milton-Davies, who until recently was governor of one of the big English penitentiaries. He is reputed as having expressed himself as being entirely opposed to the growing tendency "to pamper prisoners," especially on the American continent. He terms most of our prisons "health resorts." There is at least one editor who believes he is right, saying: "A prison is a place for the punishment of evil doers, not a state residence for the outcasts of society, as some of our leaders would make it. Some time back, when reading an account of a visit to one of the New York State prisons or health resorts where among other hardened criminals, one hundred and twenty (120) murderers were incarcerated, we could not help but contrast the system with that of the old country where the old treadmill is still the principal punishment for wrong doing—the lightness and ineffectiveness of the one form of punishment and the harshness and effectiveness of the other. Too much pandering to criminals is not good for them, neither is it good for the state or community."

From this one can readily see that the path of the prison reformer is by no means an easy one—but his number is increasing, and his methods are improving. One of these, a New Yorker, B. Ogden Chisholm by name, points out that two reasons exist for imprisoning men. First—to make them better when they come out. Second—to protect the person and property of society. All other grounds, he believes, are

the survival of ignorance and must be condemned. Only 10 per cent. of the boys in our reformatories he avers come from good homes and the balance from bad homes. Most prisoners are the victims of circumstances. Those with whom he has come in contact have much goodness in them. About half a million men pass through the prisons each year and when treated humanely and educated it helps to reduce the number of repeaters. Most men behind the bars he believes are in need of being treated fairly and shown the error of their ways.

The "Honor System" is being extended over the country. Florida abandoned her convict-lease system last January and bought a 20,000 acre farm, put 600 prisoners to work without restraining walls and only seven guards and not one man has escaped as yet, we are told.

One of the Bulletins issued by the Canadian Council for Social Service is entitled *The Treatment of the Criminal*. Its opening paragraph puts the question of crime in a striking fashion: "In the first place we must look upon crime and the criminal as abnormal. The normal man or woman, if he or she really can exist, and for the sake of argument we will suppose that such does exist, is by nature a law-abiding and respectable citizen. The vast majority of men and women pass their lives without ever contravening the laws of the State, and would consider themselves deeply disgraced if they did so. The criminal does not present the normal type of citizenship, he is different from the ordinary man, something has happened that has changed him and made him an abnormality. What that circumstance may be is often comparatively trivial, indeed of no importance whatever, the real crux of the matter lies in the fact that he has committed a crime and so at least temporarily made himself different from his fellows.

"In making our inquiry into the causes of crime, let us in the first instance be sure of what a crime really consists in. It is a contravention of the laws of the State whereof the perpetrator is a citizen; it is an outrage against the rules and conventions laid down by society for the safety, convenience and social obligations of all who dwell in an organized state,



and who by so doing give their allegiance and obedience to constituted authority. In other words, therefore, it is a revolt against convention and authority, a deliberate act of disobedience against the laws of the land. It is an anti-social act, aimed at defeating the rules laid down for ordered and peaceful life. Such a revolt must arise, can only arise, from one or two causes, a desire for self-assertion above his fellows by gaining riches suddenly or by eliminating a rival or obstacle to his path, or a desire to struggle against adversity, a desperate effort to avoid defeat.

"In both cases it is to be noted that the act is perpetrated as a deed of self-assertion, either at self-aggrandisement or to avoid disaster; in both cases it is an attempt to set aside, by illegitimate means, the ordinary and normal working of the circumstances surrounding the individual. In short, it is a refusal to accept the consequences attending on the mode of the life of the perpetrator of the crime antecedent to its committal."

Its concluding paragraph is certainly entitled to the most thoughtful consideration:

"But whatever we do decide upon, let our whole system be based upon one theory, and that the curative and educational duty of our prison system. Punishment there must be and rightly so, but not punishment alone. There must always be the opportunity, the possibility of a man leaving prison a better man than when he went in."

To return now to the address of Chief Burns; he stated that the prevention of crime is as much a necessity as the detection of crime and even more so, that just as the medical specialists are searching for antitoxins to prevent certain diseases, as the fire departments are devoting much time to fire prevention, so must police departments coöperate for the prevention of crime.

## Catherine Potter Stith and Her Meeting with Lord Byron

(With Unpublished Letters of Byron, Trelawny,  
Thomas Sully, and L. Gaylord Clark.)

ADOLPH B. BENSON  
Yale University.

On May 26, 1822, at Montenero, near Leghorn on the Mediterranean, Byron writes to Murray, the publisher:

Since I came here, I have been invited by the Americans aboard their squadron, where I was received with all the kindness which I could wish, and with *more ceremony* than I am fond of. I found them finer ships than your own of the same class, well manned and officered. A number of American gentlemen were on board at the time, and some ladies. As I was taking leave, an American lady asked me for a rose which I wore, for the purpose, she said, of sending to America something which I had about me, as a memorial. I need not add that I felt the compliment properly . . .

On June 8, 1822, Byron writes to Thomas Moore, and adds in a postscript:

. . . Since I came here, I have been invited on board the American squadron, and treated with all possible honour and ceremony. They have asked me to sit for my picture; and, as I was going away, an American lady took a rose from me (which had been given to me by a very pretty Italian lady that very morning), because, she said, she was determined to send or take something which I had about me to America. *There is a kind of Lalla Rookh incident for you. . .* I would rather . . . have a nod from an American, than a snuff-box from an emperor. . .

George Bancroft, the historian, who was one of the young American gentlemen present at the meeting, describes the incident in *A Day With Lord Byron*. Having only recently arrived at Leghorn from Florence and Pisa, he first congratulates himself on the opportune juncture of circumstances, and then continues:

The Mediterranean squadron of the United States lay at anchor in the harbor, and Lord Byron, having expressed the wish to see an American frigate, had been invited by Commodore Jones to inspect the Constitution ["Old Ironsides"]. On the morning of the 21st of May, 1822, the few Americans who happened to be in Leghorn went on board the

ship at the desire of the officers. About noon Lord Byron, followed by his secretary, mounted its gangway. . . . Finding all present to be Americans, his manner became easy, frank and cheerful. His high forehead, dark hair and gray eyes; his features, which transmitted his thoughts and feelings as they were, set off his fame as a poet; and every one who came near him held that day a happy one. One lady, of great personal beauty, put out her hand, and saying 'When I return to Philadelphia, my friends will ask for some token that I have spoken with Lord Byron,' she gently took a rose which he wore in the button-hole of his black frockcoat. He was pleased with her unaffected boldness, and the next day sent her a charming note and a copy of 'Outlines to Faust' as a more durable memento.

Substantially the same facts—insofar as they treat of the meeting on the American flagship—are narrated by W. M. Sloane in an article in the *Century* for 1886-7 on "Bancroft, in Society, in Politics, in Letters," with the additional information that the lady in question was the wife of the American consul at Tunis. Neither Byron nor Bancroft had revealed the woman's name in their published account of the event, so none is given here, and Sloane had naturally deemed it quite unnecessary for his purpose to investigate the matter. In the interim, eye-witnesses and other conspicuous contemporaries of the incident had passed away, and the rose, Byron's letter to the lady, and the *Outlines to Faust*, mentioned by Bancroft, were either ignored on grounds of unimportance, forgotten, or considered forever lost to the public.

Now, however, just a century after the meeting, we are able through the courtesy, assistance, and generous thoughtfulness of the lady's granddaughters, the Misses Brandegee of Berlin, Connecticut, to clear up all essential facts of the interview, to depict its results and significance, and to publish the letters that are either directly or indirectly relevant to the subject. For a hundred years the three original items which served to complete and commemorate the acquaintance of Lord Byron with his American admirer have been carefully preserved by members of her family, and have recently been presented to the Goethe Collection in the Yale University Library by the granddaughters mentioned. Even the rose, first presented by the Countess Guiccioli, and now encased in glass, remains intact. The leaves are gone. "The ladies on board of the ship begged the leaves, but the rose is still able to tell of that dis-

tinguished visitor," write the Misses Brandegee in a presentation note. Several other letters, notes, autograph albums, and manuscripts of germane interest have now been resuscitated and placed at the disposal of the present writer for study, selection, and publication. Unless otherwise noted, none of the items printed below have ever been published before.

The American lady who thus unconsciously established an immortality among the friends of Lord Byron by taking a rose from his button-hole was Catherine Potter Stith of Philadelphia, wife of Major<sup>1</sup> Townsend Stith of Petersburg, Virginia, who in 1822 was, as stated, American consul at Tunis. Mrs. Stith at the time was a woman of rare physical charm, twenty-seven years old, an accomplished musician on the piano, guitar, and harp, a linguist and student of considerable ability, and a person who possessed exceptionally broad intellectual attainments and interests. That Lord Byron detected and appreciated some of her qualifications at once and welcomed an acquaintance appears from the letter which he sent her on the day after their meeting. The message, addressed to Mrs. Stith, is duly sealed, in black, with Byron's well-known seal. An exact copy of the original follows:

Villa Dupuis  
May 22nd 1822

Madam,

I take the liberty of requesting your acceptance of a memorial less frail than that which you did me the honour of requiring yesterday. The volume which I send contains an outline and some designs from the famous Faust of Goethe—which have been much admired both in Germany and England. —I should have preferred to send some publication of my own—but I have none here at present.

I need hardly add that I feel much flattered and gratified by the interest which you have been pleased to take in my writings. —I have also been ever a Wellwisher to your Country and Countrymen—in common with all unprejudiced minds amongst my own.

Will you make my respects acceptable to Major Stith and do me the further honour to believe me

Yr obliged  
and obed't Ser't

To Mrs. Stith

<sup>1</sup>A title of courtesy. He had formerly held a commission as captain in the regular army.

The copy of *Faust* presented was of the London edition of 1821, with engravings by Moses from the designs by Retzsch. That Byron was extremely interested in Goethe's masterpiece is common knowledge. He stated on one occasion that he would have "given the world" to be able to read *Faust* in the original, and envied his contemporaries "Monk" Lewes and Shelley, who could read the "astonishing" work in German (See *Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron*, by Thomas Medwin). Possessing nothing suitable of his own that he could present to Mrs. Stith, he therefore selected the *Outlines to Goethe's Faust*, as a "memorial less frail." The copy is inscribed "Noel Byron. Pisa—1822," and, in different ink, showing the subsequent addition, "presented by him to Mrs. Stith."

We have no conclusive evidence that Mrs. Stith and Byron met again, but some kind of communicative relation was kept up, for in an undated note, obviously written later, Byron answers an inquiry of Major Stith:

Sir,

Of the lines which you did me the honour to request, I have no copy. Mr. West has, and will of course be glad to send them to you such as they are.

I hope that you are getting well, although you bear sickness much better than most men do health—and diminish our sympathy by increasing our admiration.

With the best compliments to Mrs. Stith, I have the honour to sign myself your

ever Obed't and faithful S't

N. B.

The Mr. West here mentioned was unquestionably William Edward West (1780-1857), an American artist, who in Europe executed likenesses of Lord Byron, the Countess Guiccioli, Shelley, Mrs. Hemans, and other prominent characters of the time. Apparently Mr. West formed another link in the chain of relationship between Byron, the American consul, and his talented wife.

While on his way back to the United States in 1824, Major Stith died, and was buried at Gibraltar. Mrs. Stith returned to America, with two infant daughters, and made her home with her father in Philadelphia until the time of his death. "Deprived of the protection of a husband," and "induced by a

sense of duty" and maternal responsibility, according to a printed prospectus, dated January 2, 1826, she set about to establish a "Seminary for Young Ladies," where these might obtain a liberal education "on a broad basis of usefulness and elegance." Among the numerous subjects to be taught were Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and German. It may be noted also, in this connection, that an original, well-written booklet entitled *Thoughts on Female Education*, from the pen of Mrs. Stith, appeared in Philadelphia in 1831.

It was in the early thirties, apparently 1833—it seems impossible to fix the exact date because of the chronological discrepancies even in the first-hand sources—that Byron's friend Edward Trelawny landed on American soil. He called on Mrs. Stith in Philadelphia, and from the known fact that she recognized his voice before she saw him we must infer that they were already reasonably well acquainted. Whether his visits were due to an independent friendship contracted in Europe or to their mutual interest in Byron, or both, it is plausible to assume that he knew all there was to know about the relation of Lord Byron to the Stith family, and his visits and correspondence with Mrs. Stith were naturally accepted by outsiders as proof that her meeting with Byron had been of some consequence.

Since comparatively few details are known about Trelawny's sojourn in America, the following extracts from his letters to Mrs. Stith are appended here. Aside from their personal value, they throw some rather dazzling flashes of light on his American tour in general.

December 18, 1833  
Charleston, South Carolina

My Dear Friend

Like a native of the torrid zone transplanted into the frigid North . . . I can hardly be said to be alive. . . . Incapable of producing either fruit or flower . . . I linger on between life and death; day by day my blood circulates more languidly. . . . My ardent nature has either exhausted the spirit that fed it . . . or it is like a lamp extinguished by the dark vapours in which I am confined; this alone is the cause of my not writing, nor should I now, but fearing that you may attribute my silence to forgetfulness or unkindness . . . since that cannot be chronicled against mine. . . . The few hours I hoped to be with you would have restored me to life, if anything could. The icy damnation

which Ross<sup>a</sup> has endured for two years locked in the Arctic icebergs gives a lively idea of my feelings. Are you not weary of this life? How long

Can it bestow enjoyment? T<sup>is</sup> enough

To taste but once then on to something new!

[After requesting a personal favor in regard to the forwarding of some letter, Trelawny goes on:] . . . What man will take any trouble for another, unless his own interests are at stake. Women alone are capable of disinterested acts of kindness . . . they are never influenced by sordid or selfish considerations . . . except when their noble natures are perverted under the control of maudling men.

Having no settled plans I can say nothing regarding my movements. Probably I shall continue here a month or two. What should induce me to move . . . all the States and the people in them are the same—at least to me. When I have sufficiently disgusted myself with contemplating the *white* Negroes, I shall perhaps take a trip to St. Domingo and examine the black republicans, and then compare them. Remember I am only speaking of that contemptible class in America, called the first . . . the people I like well enough . . . and the women much better. . . . When the *spirit* of the *constitution* is acted up to . . . and America is a pure democracy . . . why I will come and live [with]<sup>a</sup> them . . . they will reform too their pharisaical [methods]<sup>a</sup> I hope. In the mountains of Virginia I was delighted . . . I visited a widow with 7 dau[ghters]<sup>a</sup> . . . if she would have given them to me as wi[ves]<sup>a</sup> I would never have roamed beyond the Blue Ridge. . . . And now farewell—but not forever. . . . What ever comes of me I am always your true friend

Edward Trelawny

The same refreshing boldness, carelessness, abandon, frankness, and impetuosity characterizes a letter dated October 27, 1834, at Philadelphia. Mrs. Stith in the meantime had given up the Seminary work for young ladies, it seems, and moved to New Haven, Connecticut.

My Dear Mrs. Stith

Many things take place in this our planet for which no satisfactory reasons can be given—for instance marriages; and my erratic movements are not to be accounted for. Well, it seems you have imbibed a portion of my malady. Have you not often cursed your petticoats? What a wretch I should have been, if I had been born to such fetters. It must be a horrid fate to be a woman, consigned to a hopeless slavery. No wonder they dream of other worlds—and soar in imagination with

<sup>a</sup> Sir John Ross (1777-1856), Arctic navigator. His ship *Victory* was blocked in the ice near Victory Harbor in 1830 and two years later Ross abandoned the ship.

<sup>b</sup> The words and letters in brackets are reconstructed. They are torn out in the original.

free spirits letting their wills have a free way—in other planets—for there is no hope for them in this.

There are no words can express my disappointment at not finding you here. The 3 questions I asked Mrs. Elwyn<sup>4</sup> was how is Mrs. Stith? Gone! Gone! Gone! Where? This was not so readily answered—and it is only now I have learnt your whereabouts. Mrs. Elwyn has been indefatigable in her enquiries—and at last I thought of your pretty pupil Miss [Charlotte] Cave. She it was that has enlightened our darkness. Dear friend, I miss you much and shall only be consoled for your absence by the assurance that you are happier in your new abode. So prithee write me a line. It would be tedious to narrate what I have been doing—so let the past be past. My present intentions are to get on board some ship and take a cruise, in the Gulf of Mexico, touching at Cuba, and so on to the City of the Incas.<sup>5</sup> I shall not leave this place for 8 or 10 days—so prithee write me a line—tell me all about yourself and if there is no possible way in which you can use my services. Now that my youth is fled I can have no other excuse for living than to serve those I love. So write to me and speak of yourself and my affianced bride Florence, sweet Florence.<sup>6</sup> Do you know I have learned to like American womankind—I have found much love amongst them. Are they not the same (i.e. the Women) the world over, to those that can comprehend them?

Adieu Adieu

Yours

E. Trelawny

Exactly a month later Trelawny writes again, from Philadelphia, manifestly in answer to a letter from Mrs. Stith informing him that she is teaching music in the Elm City. Note his attitude toward New England and the higher instruction of women. The force, insolence, contempt, tone of depression, the shocking honesty mingled with confidentiality and all steeped in an atmosphere of genuine friendship is typical of Trelawny.

November 27, 1834

Dear Mrs Stith

So you can't read my writing; then why should I write? I said nothing about the Texas—I told you I was going to Mexico, or to cruise in the Gulf of Mexico—or something relative to Mexico, not the *Texas*—damn the Texas<sup>7</sup> and all that therein them is. And then you tell me something or nothing of three hundred boys, or 3 hundred Colleges,

<sup>4</sup> Wife of Albert Langdon Elwyn, M.D., philanthropist and author.

<sup>5</sup> In the original this word looks like "Texas," and was so read by Mrs. Stith, but evidently that is not correct. See next letter. I am suggesting "Incas," which makes tolerably good sense. It is not clear what city is meant.

<sup>6</sup> Young daughter of Mrs. Stith, born in Florence, Italy, later wife of Dr. Elishama Brandegee and mother of the Misses B. of Berlin, Conn. The appellation "affianced bride" is of course to be taken as a pleasantry.

<sup>7</sup> See note (2) on previous page.



damn them too. In Yankee land there is nothing can interest me. But the absurd womankind, they are well enough—and would be better if they had human voices. Teach them music—ye gods what blasphemy—toades, beetles, bats henceforth will be treasured in Cages—the shrill owl, the screeching jay, and the obscene raven may now take the place of the singing birds. Teach the Yankee girls to knit worsted stockings, herring bone waistcoats, make puddings, any thing my Dear—but do not profane the holy words of divine song.

I had written this much a month back and then forgotten the letter—prithree pardon me—If it was not so icy cold, I would visit you; there is some spell keeps me here—against my will. I have determined every day for these two months past to take my departure, but cannot, and yet I am perishing piecemeal, wasting away day by day, and now we are bound in with thick ribbed ice, alas the pity—I must give over this unmeaning kind of life. Yet I fear I have gone on too far to stop. I should have died ten years ago. I should then have escaped much suffering. Oh it is a dismal world—and after our youth has fled our difficulties deepen. The sunshine which once gladdened my heart no longer warms it. I walk benighted beneath its midday brightness—I long for death—and therefore it avoids me!

In the spring I return to England. Will you let my affianced bride Florence go with me? . . . Yes, I like Mrs. Elwyn a little better. Shall we ever meet again? I think not without I come to Yankee land and that is doubtful, for I must take another pull with the reformers in England. The thermometer is 22 degrees below freezing; every part of me is frozen, but my heart still retains warmth enough to assure you that whatever becomes of me I am always your true and devoted friend.

Edward Trelawny

Philadelphia

December 18, 1833.<sup>a</sup>

By this time, no doubt, the Byron-Stith meeting had become a more general topic of conversation in literary circles. A shimmer of glory hovered about the event, and the presence of the fiery, fearless, unconventional friend of the poet in America had given not a little impetus to popular conceptions of the incident. Truth, imagination, curiosity, and natural embellishments of time combined to lend weight and attention to the interview, and the growing interest in Byron prompted research everywhere for any material that could illumine his life or work. Consequently, publishers commenced to court the favor of Mrs. Stith, and the next year she receives the following ardent request:

<sup>a</sup> From postmark, context, and date at beginning of the letter, we must conclude that the date should be Dec. 18, 1834.

Philadelphia, July 8 1835

My dear Madame,—

I presume, upon the strength of pleasant memories of your society and acquaintance, to address you by a friend, whom you also know, on a matter of no small importance to the public and myself, as one of its literary ministers. I know you too well to believe that you will consider my presumption unpardonable.

You are, I believe, the only lady, and probably the only individual in the United States, who has ever had a personal acquaintance with the noble author of *Childe Harold*. Your remembrances of him must be many:—and it would give me the greatest satisfaction to make public a few papers on that subject, from your pen,—in the pages of the New York Knickerbocker Magazine,—a work of which I am editor, and which has now a larger number of eminent contributors than any other periodical in America. Be assured you will appear in “right honorable and godely company.” Now, can you not give me some “Recollections of *Lord Byron*”? Pray do! I will take every opportunity to repay you; will give an increase per page on our usual terms, besides sending you the work; and should you ‘take a fancy’ to any of the current literature of the day, I will instruct my brother in New York, to have the most popular books sent to you from that city, free of charge. I have seen enough of your able writings to make me wish that your intellectual light, should not, by being hid, become an “ineffectual fire.” I wish to enrol you among our constant writers.

Pray let me hear from you as soon as may be, to the care of Clark and Edson, No. 161 Broadway, (N. Y.) and I shall be greatly obliged. You must make your own terms, and they shall be gladly acceded to.

There is little news in this sleepy city.—Your friend, Mr. Trelawney, has left town. Miss Cave looks as sweetly as ever.

Give my love to your dear little girls, and believe me, madame,

Very sincerely

Your obt Sert and Friend

Mrs. Townshend Stith

L. Gaylord Clark

As we have seen, it was not true that Mrs. Stith was the only person in America who had known Lord Byron, yet it may be well be that she knew him better than any other American, with the possible exception of West and Bancroft. It is obvious that Mr. Clark considered her knowledge and testimony, and rightly so, of considerable value.

Mrs. Stith’s reply to this earnest, lucrative offer is found in an editorial note in the August (1835) number of *The Knickerbocker*. It is so dignified, true, lofty, and informative, so fraught with heartfelt admiration that it is here appended, with Mr. Clark’s introductory comment. The editor does not reveal

the name of his correspondent, but her identity is beyond question.

The published 'Recollections' of, and 'Conversations' with Lord Byron are already very numerous: yet we incline to the opinion that the best of them are unwritten. We know one esteemed friend, at least, whose memories of his lordship are as many and vivid as those of the Countess of Blessington. We desired her lately to oblige us with some papers on the subject; but her diffidence is equalled only by her capability; and, in the kindest terms, she expresses her fear of success, and declines the task. Our readers lose in consequence, some beautiful sketches of Byron and Italy, which, if only written as we have *heard* them, would be rich and valuable. We subjoin a brief extract from her reply to our request: 'With regard to the remembrances you solicit, let me say, that I fear the world has been surfeited with recollections of Lord Byron. Has not the public gaped enough at his "*charlatinism*?" His genius blazed before the world, and lives in his poetry, rather to blight the soul, than to elevate or make it happy. I do not consider every person calculated to embody one single thought of that gifted man. He talked differently at different times, and shone as the sun shines,—sometimes in rainbow hues, sometimes amid darkness. He did not disappoint *me*. I found him unpretending, natural: he seemed to me like a sensitive, gracefully bashful boy,—a young Jove, hiding his thunderbolts. The impression he left on my mind was uniformly pleasing; and I admired and venerated him too much *then*, to wrong him *now*, by endeavoring to convey, in my feeble language, even his most hasty expressions,—for they were full of eloquence and nobility.'

Even if we make due allowances for the fancies of the mind, and for the enthusiasm and hyperboles of editorial courtesy, we cannot help feeling, from such a confession, that this American woman knew Lord Byron pretty well. Nor is it wholly preposterous to conjecture that she met him more than once.

Two and a half years later, Thomas Sully, the famous American painter—he executed one portrait of Major Stith,—makes a request from London for a contribution on her experience with "his Lordship." Byron's simple inscription on the copy of *Faust* has now grown into "marginal notes."

London Feb y 14th 1838  
W 45 Grt Marlborough St

Mrs. Stith,  
Dear friend,

I have much pleasure in having a motive of addressing you a few lines.

I have made an acquaintance with Mr. [John] Wright, an author who is publishing the correspondence and other memoranda of the late Lord Byron. At the dinner table of Murray—the publisher, I happened to mention the circumstance of your meeting the famous Poet, when on your way to Gibraltar—his visit on board the vessel you were, with your husband—the affair of the rose and his subsequent note to you and presentation of Goethe's *Faust* with his marginal notes.

I was made to repeat this, as it was considered interesting, and the other day Mr. Wright called on me to request that I would write to you on the subject, and earnestly beg your permission to use the anecdote in the forthcoming work;—and if possible procure *your* written account of it, with a copy of his Lordship's note; and anything besides that you think novel.

I know you will be pleased to hear that I have quite recovered my health—one of my objects in visiting Europe; that I shall visit the Continent with my daughter Blanch next June; and in the meantime shall paint a whole length of Queen Victoria for the St Georges Society of Philadelphia.

Please make my respectful compliments to your daughter, and be assured that I shall ever

be your attached friend  
and ObSt

Thos Sully

We may assume that the English solicitation of Byron data received the same answer that disappointed the New York editor. Mrs. Stith refused consistently to record her reminiscences of the poet. As a result, her name, so far as we have been able to learn, has never appeared in print in connection with that of her venerated author.

The following year, 1839, Mrs. Stith died, at the age of forty-four, and was buried in the Grove Street cemetery in New Haven.

It is no exaggeration to say—for this is not a preconceived deification of a mediocre mind or personality—that Catherine Stith was a highly esteemed and influential woman of her time, an educator of no mean capability, and a recognized leader whose acquaintance and friendship were eagerly sought. Modesty alone prevented greater publicity of her accomplishments and experiences. Her gifts and acquirements were many. Some have been mentioned. She was a singer of repute—one of her specialties was laughing songs,—she was a composer of some ability, and, among others, set two of Shelley's poems, *Love's Philosophy* and *Good Night*, to music. Her compo-

sitions were published and circulated. She contributed original verse to the periodicals of the time, though none of it apparently bore her full signature, if signed at all, and at least one of her lyrics was set to music by another composer. Mrs. Stith spoke French fluently, was interested in Italian, and made several translations from the German. Some of her work was published in *The Microcosm*, a domestic, literary, and religious magazine that appeared in New Haven between 1835 and 1837, and it is tolerably certain that the prose translations in that periodical from Matthias Claudius, Krummacher, and Herder—all of them of moral or religious content—were made by Catherine Stith. But she was more interested in the German poets. Her papers contain three experimental translations from Goethe and Schiller, dated 1834; a beautiful, free version of Friedrich Rückert's *Des fremden Kindes heiliger Christ* under the title of *The Forlorn Child's Christmas Eve* was published with an explanatory and laudatory introduction by the editor, in the *German Wreath*, in Boston, 1836; and a translation of Uhland's *Die verlorene Kirche* had appeared previously in the *Quarterly Christian Spectator*.

In 1835 this translation was chosen by Herman Bokum, Instructor in German at Harvard and compiler of the *German Wreath*, in *The Stranger's Gift*, 1836, as an illustration of how well an American can enter into the spirit of the German original. The following two stanzas, the fourth and the last, will give an idea of the character and English versification of *The Lost Church*:

Darkness and silence hung on all around;  
Again I heard the deep and solemn chime,  
And as I followed the unearthly sound,  
My soul, exalted, left the things of time;  
Thou holy trance! e'en now I cannot tell  
How all my being rose beneath that bell.

The splendors of that mighty dwelling-place!  
Those shining walls!—The crystal fountains there!  
And wonders which a creature dares not trace!  
But let them move the sinner's soul to prayer,  
Oh! ye to whom that solemn bell shall ring,  
Take heed, and listen to its murmuring!

Bokum informs us that this translation was prepared in New Haven by "a lady from Philadelphia"; that this same lady at another time paid a "genuine tribute," both to the poet and composer, in a musical rendering, "in the presence of several Americans," of Schubert's composition, the *Erlkönig*. The performer, says Bokum, entered into the joint production with such kindred spirit that one listener exclaimed, "Who can hear this without being moved?" From manuscript memorabilia before the writer, we know this "lady" and "performer" to be Catherine Stith. Bokum found in the New Haven of 1835 "great attention paid, particularly by the female world, to German literature and music," and that an unassuming sponsor of this movement was the former acquaintance of Byron is now indisputable. Born of a German mother—whose maiden name was Catherine Mierchen—Mrs. Stith not only transmitted her maternal inheritance of poetic and artistic qualities to her descendants, but during her last years especially was active in interpreting the best of contemporaneous German culture. She knew Goethe's lyrics and ballads, and though not published, to my knowledge, she did Goethe's *Mignon* and the *Erlking* into English. May we not assume that her interest in Goethe at least was stimulated or intensified by her meeting with Byron and his gift of *Outlines to Faust*?

The story of Catherine Stith, her meeting with Lord Byron and Trelawny, the resultant motley group of prominent associations, her exposition of German music, and her subsequent study and translation of German poets, though not of extraordinary moment perhaps, is not without singular charm and some personal and historical value.

## Ernest Lavisse—French Historian and Educator

OTHON GUERLAC  
Cornell University

Those who studied in Paris in the last decade of the last century may remember an unsightly brick structure temporarily erected in the inner court of the Sorbonne. It served as a shelter for public lectures while the main wing of the old building was being demolished and the masons were tearing down the historic amphitheatre to which, for eighty years, some of the most renowned orators from Guizot to Brunetière, had attracted vast throngs.

At the door of this provisional shack one could see, every Thursday morning, at half-past nine, an eager crowd waiting for the opening. Then they would climb up the narrow stairs leading to the amphitheatre and, in an instant, the whole room would be full. Down in front, a few benches were occupied by the registered students, while the rest of the hall was filled by the usual public of Sorbonne public lectures: old gentlemen, mature ladies, pretty young girls, serious looking and spectacled school teachers, Russians, Englishmen, Americans, Swiss, Swedes, even Frenchmen: all ages, all nationalities. At ten o'clock sharp the doors were shut. Coming from a little side office, the lecturer would appear preceded by the traditional glass of water and three pieces of sugar on a tray. He was a man in the fifties, tall, vigorous, with a big head slightly inclined, a gray beard, sharp blue eyes, a strong, sonorous, well modulated voice. With his commanding stature, the rosette in his buttonhole, his somewhat abrupt delivery, he reminded one of a colonel in citizen's clothes more than of a professor. At the beginning of every year he would explain to his public two rules that were special to his course: the doors were closed after the beginning of every lecture so that no one could, in the midst of it, come in or go out. This was to discourage idle curiosity which has a way of entering anywhere simply because there is a door open. Likewise applause was discountenanced as foolish and insult-

ing to the speaker; for this was not an operatic performance but a University lecture, a lecture by Ernest Lavisse, professor of Modern European History.

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The death of Professor Lavisse occurred on the 18th of August 1922. He was in his eightieth year. He was born December 17th 1842. He died in the apartment of the Latin quarter, in the little rue de Medicis, which he had occupied for fifty years. His death happened, to all appearances, at the right time. He had ended his task. Only a few months before he had written a sort of political and philosophical postscript to the last volume of his big work, the *Histoire de France Contemporaine*, and he expressed therein once more for the future of his country the hope and optimism that were the most definite acquisitions of a life devoted to historical research and meditation. During the last ten years he had gradually relinquished all of his many active functions; first as professor of history at the University of Paris, then as editor of *La Revue de Paris*, and finally as director of the École Normale Supérieure, where he was succeeded by Professor Lanson.

If Ernest Lavisse had been solely a professor of history and a writer of popular text books or an editor of vast coöperative undertakings, like *l'Histoire Générale* from the fourth century to our days, which he published with Alfred Rambaud, or like the *Histoire de France* and the *Histoire de France Contemporaine*, in twenty-seven volumes, which he directed alone, the appraisal of his work would by rights belong to the historical critic. But his interests were much more numerous and diversified. Besides being one of the leading historians of the last forty years, he was the most conspicuous and most representative university professor of the Third Republic. He was likewise the most influential of her educators. Without occupying any other official position than that of professor of Modern History at the University of Paris, he has, more than any other, influenced the educational policies of France both in superior and secondary schools: every reform in the methods of work, the requirements for



degrees, the deepening as well as broadening of the field of scholarship, has been either originated by him or backed by his authority.<sup>1</sup>

In France, where members of the instructing staffs of the universities or the lycées are often too absorbed in their work to come very much in touch with the general activities of their time, M. Lavissee has managed to combine the labors of the intellectual leader. He has been a sort of adviser ex-officio of all the students of France, a confidant of the high officials of public instruction and the recognized, if self-appointed, spokesman of the universities before the government and the general public.

His triple career as professor, scholar, and educator is so varied and so full, that one would cover, in reviewing it, some of the main events of French intellectual life in the last forty years.

\* \* \* \* \*

M. Lavissee is a product of the liberal system of French state scholarships by which any one, however humble, can with industry and brains, enjoy the benefits of what socialists call "integral education," from the kindergarten to the universities. His people belonged to the lower middle class of a small town of Northern France, Le Nouvion-en-Thiérache, where he asked to be buried and which would be unknown even to the French public if Professor Lavissee had not given it fame by the commencement addresses which, in later years, he used to deliver there every summer to the school children. He described to us in his charming *Souvenirs* the paternal country store in which he grew up, surrounded by the pride and affection of simple, thrifty, and ambitious parents. He recalled all the childhood impressions associated with this big prosaic village of Picardy which stretches out its long main street in "a pretty, green, narrow and short valley, surrounded by a slightly rolling country of rich pastures and dark forests." He told of his old grandmother who used to entertain him with stories of Napoleon and the invasion of the Cossacks; of the little school house where he learned the rudiments un-

<sup>1</sup> It should be added that he was a member of the Superior Council of Public Instruction, a half elected and half appointed deliberative body.

der half illiterate masters, the church where he had his first religious experience, and all those minor incidents which seem sometimes so futile, and which, through our whole life, form the background of our consciousness.

From Le Nouvion he went to the lycée of Laon, the chief city of the department, where he had been given a scholarship and where he spent five or six years of that humdrum existence of the French "lycéens" whose youth resembled more the life of inmates of a jail than that of free human beings, where every step was marked by the beating of a drum and every move was under the supervision of what they used to call disparagingly, a "pion." Like many another product of these schools, Lavissee speaks with censure but without resentment of the education he received in the old provincial town, by a very uneven staff of teachers, discriminating, with the keen wisdom of youth, between those who were equal to their task and those who fell below it, using his experience as arguments for the many reforms he was to urge later in the courses of study and the methods of teaching. Thus he regrets the lack of practical instruction in the sciences, the meagerness of the modern language training, the failure to interest the children in their historic environment as well as the lack of physical cleanliness and manly sports, all deficiencies that have since been largely remedied.

Soon even the resources of the lycée de Laon seemed inadequate for the brilliant pupil that he was, and he was sent to Paris, where boarding schools gave special rates to prize students who were candidates for the various state competitive examinations. In the famous Massin Institute and at the lycée Charlemagne he came in touch with some of the most remarkable young men of his generation, while his professors numbered no less a man than the popular Latin scholar Gaston Boissier. In the atmosphere of Paris of the sixties M. Lavissee passed through a period of juvenile enthusiasms; he became a Romantic in literature, a republican in politics, and met in the Latin quarter some students like Clemenceau and Gambetta who were all fighting the Second Empire and preparing to become leaders of the Third Republic. He

soon entered the *École Normale Supérieure*, which was then (it has been somewhat altered since) an exclusive and very limited seminary for the preparation of secondary school and university professors. He specialized in the study of history and, after spending the usual three years, he graduated in the same class as the late Gabriel Monod, being ranked second as an "agrégé d'histoire et de géographie," a title that was conferred then as it is to-day, after a very severe and almost inhuman competition. The son of the Nouvion merchant was now launched on what was to be a successful and especially rapid career. Only one year was spent in a provincial lycée, at Nancy. More fortunate in that respect than many another like Taine, Faguet or M. Lanson, who taught many years in the provinces, from Nancy M. Lavissee was called to Versailles, and then to Paris, which he was henceforth not to leave.

During his stay at the *École Normale* he had had as classmate Albert Duruy, the son of Victor Duruy, the historian. This acquaintance stood him in good stead. Victor Duruy was Minister of Public Instruction in the last years of the Second Empire when Napoleon III was attempting to liberalize his government. As the Minister's private secretary Lavissee had his first opportunity to come in contact both with official life and problems of education. He always retained a filial affection for his chief and has told in a small volume<sup>2</sup> what an admirable man, an indefatigable worker, an independent and noble conscience this great historian was. Duruy did him another favor. When the Emperor wanted a teacher for his son, Duruy recommended his secretary; so he shared with the future novelist and critic, Augustin Filon, the direction of studies of the young prince. M. Lavissee, after the collapse of the Empire, remained the friend and counselor of his former pupil, and his faithful attachment in the days of exile speaks well for both. He had, in fact, the gift of keeping friends in all parties without tying himself to any. This tutor of 'Napoleon IV' managed to be also a friend of men as widely apart as the Duc d'Aumale and Jules Ferry,

<sup>2</sup> *Un ministre: Victor Duruy* (1895).

and he became one of the most influential, decorated, and pampered officials of the Third Republic.

In 1871, after this short incursion into official and court spheres, which preceeded the fall of the Empire, his profession reclaimed him. He turned to historical studies, never again to forsake them. In order to write a doctor's thesis, he made a trip to Germany and investigated one of the origins of the Prussian monarchy, namely, "Brandenburg under the Ascanian Dynasty." The book appeared in 1875. The choice of such a subject at that time showed that Lavisse had an eye for timeliness and that his interest in historical problems of the past was not divorced from his concern in vital subjects of the present. This new degree opened a university position for him, while giving him a reputation as a specialist in German subjects. In 1878 he became a lecturer at the École Normale where, fifteen years before, he had been a student, and gratified and developed there a special gift and taste for teaching teachers how to teach. From the École Normale he passed to the Sorbonne, first as assistant of Fustel de Coulanges; then he was called to the chair of Modern History, which he kept until some fifteen years ago when he retired from active teaching.

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As university professor M. Lavisse accomplished a great work. When he began his career the situation of French universities was rather unsettled. The Arts Colleges or *facultés des lettres* were almost without *bona fide* students; they were mere lecture bureaus catering to the general public and supplying an intellectual diversion to idle or studious passersby. Meanwhile students who wanted to study or prepare for the profession of teacher and scholar were thrown on their own resources.

M. Lavisse came to the Sorbonne at the time when conditions were beginning to improve, thanks to the recent creation of scholarships for the advanced degrees. His main task was to organize for the students in history a system of courses adapted to their needs, and develop, side by side with the public lectures intended for visitors, "seminars" exclusively reserved for professionals. He taught his pupils the

methods of investigation that he and the men of his generation had had to work out for themselves. He called their attention to the many points in French history that were still obscure—the many fields that lay uncultivated. He formed thus a school of historians, many of whom became his collaborators in his two great Histories, and all of whom have been helped, encouraged, promoted, thanks to him. He has been the foreman of a squad of workers who have taken up the task where their predecessors left off and filled out, on the map, some of the *terras incognitas* that the early historians Guizot, Michelet, Augustin Thierry, Henri Martin, Dareste, and others had left uncharted. At the same time he helped to attract to the study of history a larger number of intelligent scholars by lightening the intolerable burden of the "agrégation." He insisted on having the requirements shortened, the vast field of history and geography then required limited to a definite number of large questions, a chronology put in the hands of candidates at the written examination, and some of the more useless tests, that taxed the memory and absorbed the best efforts of the students, eliminated in favor of more significant and valuable exercises. It is due to him and to the credit that he always enjoyed with the ministry of public instruction that the "agrégation" instead of being the reward of memory and brute strength became the test of professional efficiency and scientific training.

While giving to his students the benefit of his personal attention he continued to expound before the public the periods of German history in which he was specially interested and wrote his *Études sur l'histoire de Prusse* (1879), his *Études sur l'Allemagne impériale* (1887) and, above all, his two studies on Frederick II, *la Jeunesse du grand Frédéric* (1891) and *le Grand Frédéric avant l'avènement* (1893), to my mind, his most successful and fascinating books, and those which best bring out his psychological insight, his vigorous and brilliant style, his keen eye for everything that is picturesque and vital.

Lavissee who had so vigorously battled against the formal, oratorical and often futile public lecture, and treated with scorn the miscellaneous crowd which used to form the audi-

ence of most of these university functions never succeeded, however, in discouraging the public from attending his own courses. Vainly did he try to weed out some of the most undesirable of these enthusiasts, whom he described once as "persons retired from the non-liberal professions, deaf old men, obviously uneducated people, cranks of both sexes,"<sup>8</sup> by choosing early hours and having doors closed after the beginning of the lecture. Everybody got there on time and nobody wanted to leave before the end. This opponent of the public lecture has been one of the most successful lecturers of the Sorbonne. Since Guizot no courses on history were more popular. Still his manner was as opposed as could be to the oratorical method so characteristic of the "Lectures on Civilization in Europe." No large generalizations, no beautifully balanced periods, no flights of eloquence. He would sit down at his desk, open a thick note book which contained his outline, and talk freely, simply, forcibly. He did not despise form. His lectures, like his books, were well built, with a sense for proportion, a skilful distribution of lights and shadows, a discreet use of comparisons and allusions that emphasize and illustrate, some touches of humor, philosophy, even eloquence, and, through it all, a feeling for what is essential, real, psychologically significant, and a sound horror for rhetoric and empty phrase making. Many years ago I heard the lectures of M. Lavissee on the early part of the reign of Louis XIV which were the first draft of the seventh tome of his *History of France*, the tome which he wrote himself. Some of them, those especially that dealt with the social and moral conditions of the period, the intellectual formation of the king, the idiosyncrasies of certain men, have remained as vivid in my memory as if they had been delivered yesterday. Anne of Austria, Mazarin, Louis XIV, Colbert, Louvois, St. Francis of Sales were sketched with the delicacy and skill of a painter who knows how to present a portrait that lives and speaks.

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As a "scholar," as a "discoverer of little bits of facts," as a historian of isolated and fragmentary pieces of history, La-

<sup>8</sup> Questions d'enseignement national, pp. 54-55.

visse did not enjoy a wide reputation. To become a "scholar" in the eyes of the general reader and of the fastidious young critics of the pedagogical *genus*, in France as elsewhere, one must confine one's self to some small, narrow and often insignificant field of the distant past or specialize in some out of the way corner of the world of to-day. The life-long friend of M. Lavissee, Alfred Rambaud, who had written a thesis on Byzantine subjects and compiled a history of Russia, M. Langlois, his disciple, who has ransacked the musty old charters of the XIIth century, or even M. Aulard who has spent thirty years over the official and unofficial records of the Revolution, are generally acknowledged as scholars. Even his best pupil, M. Seignobos, who has written with a very unromantic pen a *Political History of Europe in the XIX Century*, owes to the severity of his strictures on fellow historians and the somewhat gruff tone of his chapters on historical method a pretty solid part of his reputation as "scholar."

Lavissee, however, is not generally mentioned as a scholar, in that special sense of the word. Except his doctor's thesis on the "Origins of Prussian Monarchy," none of his books have the common earmarks of works of "scholarship." They are too broad in scope, too modern in subject matter, too intimately related to present day preoccupations, presented in a form both too literary and too entertaining to be branded as "scholarly." If Lavissee had contented himself with being a teacher of the history of the Middle Ages, as he was when he "substituted" for Fustel de Coulanges, he might have become famous among the readers of technical reviews. But he was not built to be an explorer of mediæval waste lands nor an entomologist of the infinitely small. On these kinds of research he had indeed some rather definite views. In his opening lecture on the history of the Middle Ages, delivered in December 1881, he expressed his views on the pitfalls of the scholar in the following words: "He is apt to magnify what is small, to consider as a discovery some poor novelty, despise as mediocre what is known, to abandon the highways for the footpaths, the footpaths for blind alleys and Charles Martel for Childebrand."<sup>4</sup> Hence he gave his students this piece of advice which has lost nothing of

<sup>4</sup> Questions d'Enseignement National, p. 14.

its timeliness. "If you have placed your magnifying glass on a speck of dust you must keep it there just long enough to make sure it is indeed a speck of dust, not one minute longer."

His preference went to larger subjects which do not exclude the use of scholarship and scientific methods, but which embody their results in broad, solid and attractive structures of true literary value. And it is for that kind of work that he was elected in 1892 to the French Academy. During the first part of his career, the history of Prussia, as was stated, claimed all his attention. Except for one book, on Sully (1880), another book of historical generalizations, "*Vue générale de l'histoire politique de l'Europe*" (1890), all of his contributions centered around Prussia, its founders, its organizers. Obviously he was only attracted by leading men and great epochs. Having exhausted the resources of Prussian history, he turned toward the history of France and picked out of all periods that which seemed to have been the most studied and to offer the smallest amount of unexplored and fresh territory, the reign of Louis XIV.

This period, however, needed new treatment. Between the traditional school of the apologists of the "Roi Soleil" who have controlled French historical literature, from Voltaire down to the books of to-day, and the opposition school of the Michelet and the Quinet type, who have sought their cue in St. Simon and adapted the grievances of the old regime aristocrat to a democratic arraignment of absolute monarchy, there remained something new to say for the historian who had no brief for any party, was neither ignorant of the grandeur and glamour of the greatest period of French ascendancy nor blind to its defects and weaknesses, and moreover was able to present a portrait that was lifelike and a judgment that was impartial. Hence in the *Histoire de France*, written under his direction by fourteen specialists, he chose for himself the topic Louis XIV. The treatment of the great king fills over three columns, and, except for one or two sections, M. Lavissee wrote it all himself. He handled it not according to the chronological sequence slavishly followed by his predecessors, but in large frescoes covering the dominant topics, the Mazarine period (1647-1661), during which the personality and intellectual development of



the king is sketched, the economic government, the political government, religions, letters and arts, the wars, (1643-1685), and, finally, the decline or "The End of the Reign" (1685-1715).

It is the division entitled "The King" that is most likely to appeal to the general reader. There we are presented to the young sovereign at his entrance on the stage. I cannot resist from transcribing a few passages that will give the general tone of the historian's treatment as well as an idea of his literary "manner."

"Everybody thought him handsome . . . a fine bearing and an air of grandeur heightened by his size which was only medium. His person had a charm which attracted and a gravity that kept people at a distance. He was polite, a politeness that was both natural and studied, proportioned to the quality of the people and never going astray. . . . What is unexpected and surprising is that this young man, with his proud appearance, is prudent, circumspect, even moderate. In his memoirs he confesses to a certain timidity born from the fear of doing or saying the wrong thing. . . . He never improvises a decision. . . . Nor does he improvise his words. He learns by heart those that are to be said under different circumstances, and stops if he has lost his memory. . . . Beauty, vigor, grace, a tolerably good nature, a sound judgment, the love for his calling, the noble idea of professional duty and earnest zeal in the fulfillment of it; but he had almost no intellectual culture and a political education that was insufficient and corrupt; then, and above all, there was that almost religious passion for glory, that pride, legacies of the past, weighing down on a man who was, strictly speaking, commonplace and had nothing in him to balance this tremendous and deadly weight. . . . Such appeared, charming but ominous, he who is going to be called 'Le Grand Roi.' This surname we will have to leave him. But it is noteworthy that nobody ever said that Louis XIV was a great man."

The more he advances in the study of his subject the more severely the painter viewed his model. He did ample justice to his industry which was so great that neither sickness nor medical treatment, "more redoubtable than sickness itself,"

could disturb the regularity of his day's work. He deems St. Simon unjust in stating that his intelligence was "below the average," but he himself considers that it was only average. Louis' religion he depicts as ignorant and narrow, manifesting itself merely in mechanical observances which he learned from his mother and his confessors.

As for his ego, that monstrous ego that caused him to place in himself "the beginning and end of all things," that ego is "the product of a long history." "It is from Spain and Austria more than from France that Louis XIV received his enormous, impossible, Pharaonic pride."

And the climax of this story of Louis XIV comes in the last years, years of defeat, distress and sadness crowned by the tragic death scene, painted by the author with the realism of Balzac and the power of evocation of a Michelet or a Carlyle.

However, it is not merely the delicacy of touch, psychological insight, artistic handling of portraits, that makes the volumes of the *History of France* written by M. Lavisso so lifelike and real. It is the philosophic and moralizing turn of mind that he brings to the study of historical problems. He cannot help connecting the facts of the past with the vital concerns of the present. I remember hearing him, in one of his lectures on the fiscal policy of the monarchy, regret that the penuriousness of the kings, by creating so many venal offices, had brought about and fostered the French "fonctionnarisme" which is still one of the weak points of the regime to-day. And now I find this same complaint expressed and illustrated in the text, completed by this strikingly apt commentary which explains everything. "We like a quiet, regular life, tomorrows that resemble yesterdays, a comfortable ease, the exercise of some authority, precedence, outward signs of distinction. All that the public offices procured."<sup>5</sup>

Apropos of the Fronde, that useless and futile rebellion against absolutism, he moralizes again in his melancholy conclusion on French political ways. "A great disgust caused by these profitless and unglorious disturbances, a reaction à la française which runs from one extreme to the other, from agi-

<sup>5</sup> *History of France* T. VII, p. 368.

tation to the horror of all movement, our national habit of giving everything up ("notre geste national de jeter le manche après la cognée") that is what is to be seen at the end of the Fronde."<sup>6</sup>

Elsewhere in discussing the curious passion of Anne of Austria for Mazarin he opens up, in a parenthesis of six words, a vast field of speculations when he writes: "And thus, as a result of the play of Love and Chance, two very great factors in History, French monarchy fell into the hands of a Spanish woman and a Neapolitan."

Again speaking of the many unexpected consequences of Louis XIV's installation at Versailles away from the capital, its spirit of opposition, and all its traditional forces of resistance and remonstrance, he shows how the king is spurred on to his policy of extravagance and frivolity by the atmosphere of universal servility which he breathed around him: "The great events of a reign are not always those that one thinks. The moving of the court to Versailles was more momentous and had more serious consequences than any of the wars of Louis XIV or even than all the wars taken together."

Little side remarks that are not always novel nor profound, but which, thrown into the recital of facts and dates, help to make history more intelligible, more living, and more useful. And there is also a note of human kindness that is struck whenever he meets with one of the cruel and disgraceful manifestations of fanaticism that mar the solemn dignity of the great reign. In a paper on "The Gallies of the King" that was not printed in the General History but published in the *Revue de Paris*, he asks, apropos of the barbarous treatment inflicted on the Huguenots, "Was there no one to protest against this injustice and this inhumanity?" And he answers: "There was no one, either in the government or among those who had charge of justice, nor among those who had charge of charity."<sup>7</sup>

And the reason was not far to seek. The psychologist tells it to the historian: "To suffer in oneself the sufferings of

<sup>6</sup> *Ib.* T. VII, p. 8.

<sup>7</sup> *Les Galères du Roi, Revue de Paris*, November 15, 1897.

others, that was a weakness that the fortunate ones of the XVIIth century knew nothing about."

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Now that this *History of France* in 18 volumes and the *Histoire de France Contemporaine* in nine volumes, which he planned and directed, stand as a permanent monument to his labors, M. Lavissee can no longer be refused the title of "scholar." This history is essentially the work of scholars, of men who have devoted a lifetime to the study of the one period that was assigned to them. M. Vidal de la Blanche, the geographer, gave that admirable 'tableau' of France which fills the first volume and is like a hymn sung to the charm and beauty of the land. Prof. G. Bloch treated the Gallo-Roman period, Luchaire and Langlois took care of the Middle Ages, Lemonnier and Mariéjol had charge of the Renaissance and the Reformation, while one specialist on religious problems, M. Rébelliau, and another on economic questions, M. Sagnac, helped M. Lavissee to cover the reign of Louis XIV. Likewise the contemporary period is handled by the most competent specialists, Sagnac, Seignobos, Charléty, Gauvain and Bidou, who from the French Revolution to the Great War give us a complete and accurate survey of our time. In both works, the inspiration and control of M. Lavissee are felt all through but nowhere more than in the emphasis laid on the treatment of certain subjects neglected by the early historians. The topics that have received the preference over military events and diplomatic quarrels long since settled, are topics that still interest men of to-day; political and social transformations, evolution of customs and ideas, problems of a moral and religious nature.

It does not merely give us a history that is founded on the most painstaking and skilful investigation, it does not merely dispose of the old legends, spurious anecdotes, outgrown conceptions that so long have encumbered the text books. It goes one step further. It gives to men of the 20th century a history written by men of the 20th century. It keeps their interest because it satisfies their curiosity and tells them what they want to know and only what they want to know. Here again M. Lavissee has shown himself a man of his time. He

understood that history must change because historians change, because the world changes, and because at each period they see, at a new angle and from new points of view, the ever moving panorama of man and his environment.

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But if Lavissee had been content only to write books or teach at the Sorbonne he would not have been very different from many another professor of outstanding authority and prominence. He would not have been what he really was: one of the educational leaders of the Third Republic.

He once said to his students of history: "Let us not forget, we who live intellectually in the past, that the majority of men live in the present and are concerned about the future." He has consistently practiced what he here preached. Hence from the beginning of his career he has shown his concern in the present and the future of his country by trying to influence the education of the young men of France in the three grades of schools, the primary, the secondary and the superior, as they are called.

First he did this by advocating and bringing about the reforms which made French secondary education more modern, more elastic, and more practical—reforms that were enacted in 1902 and that now are again under fire from the classicists who, from the cover of after war conditions, have opened a general counter attack on the whole system. I do not know where Lavissee stood in the present controversy although I feel that he must have been, as always, with the moderns against the ancients. As a student under the old, ultraclassical regime of education, he knew well its limitations and its defects. He had suffered from it and none was more bitter than he against its most notorious survival, the baccalaureate examination, which he once called a "public malefactor" because it imposed on young people an encyclopedic knowledge that he felt to be both impossible and barbarous.

His most lasting pedagogical laurels were won, however, in the fight for the reorganization of the universities, a fight that had for its object to transform the old "faculties," simple administrative units without individuality, autonomy or

cohesion, into real authentic universities. For, strangely enough, the country that boasted one of the most ancient universities in the world had no longer any—not even by name. It took a long struggle of twenty years. Finally, under the administration of his classmate, Alfred Rambaud, the new law was promulgated (July 10, 1896). It was Lavissee's privilege to speak at the inauguration of the University of Paris on November 18, 1896 and to tell the young men the importance and meaning of this new law which had reclaimed from a forgotten past the old corporations of professors and students grouped again for the purpose of a free and perpetual scientific endeavor.

This address is the crowning effort of fifteen years of propaganda carried on among the students of Paris and the provinces. Not a single professor has done more to awaken among the young men studying for the professions of law, medicine, arts and science, a sort of class consciousness. It was not easy; for at that time the French "student" hardly existed. He lived isolated, went to his lectures, spent countless hours at the cafés, prepared for his examinations, failed at his examinations, took his degrees, entered a profession, without realizing that he was losing some of the greatest joys of his age and the best opportunities of his life. French youth were, at their entrance into the universities, "morally abandoned." So M. Lavissee took it on himself, in his spare moments, to look after them. In his special talks to his own students at Sorbonne, as well as in his more general addresses to the students of all the faculties, he carried on his propaganda for a wider and better student life. Strangely enough this French professor had to preach to French students the value of "outside activities." He told them that it was foolish to shut themselves up in the preparation for their profession. They ought to live the life of their time, share in its social and intellectual manifestations, take an interest in its problems. "A group of young Frenchmen who would be indifferent to their epoch and their country, who would be ignorant of the time it is and the weather outside would not deserve the attention of the passerby."

He also reminded them of the privilege they enjoyed and of the opportunities for good which this privilege carried with it. Some parts of his appeal are so pregnant with universal and timely truths that students of everywhere may still take them to heart. "You are privileged citizens in our French democracy and every privilege must be paid for. You will pay for yours by using in your life, whatever it may be, the activity of a mind liberated by science. The scientific spirit is useful in all professions. It is the ever-present censor of our actions and of our thoughts: it combats the habits which dull our energy and it disturbs the self complacency of the 'beati possidentes'. . . . "Carry into all the struggles of our social life the freedom of your judgment. You are liberated by education from the debris of the dead things which so many men carry in themselves and by the weight of which they are overburdened. . . . You have the good fortune of having a higher mental life than is the lot of the majority: your duty is to represent a free conscience, a disinterested reason in the battle of conflicting passions, to stigmatize blind selfishness, to enlighten tumultuous and violent rebellions. . . . We are placed between the hope of realizing justice in our laws and in our society through generosity and reason, and the fear lest the passions of some and the indifference of others may send us into unknown abysses. . . . My friends, we are waiting for you: if you did not come you would be guilty of desertion."<sup>8</sup>

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Even the little children of the public schools, the great mass of boys and girls who finish their studies at the age of thirteen and whose intellectual formation is as important to the state as that of the children of the upper classes, have been reached by the apostolic spirit of this reformer. He reached them through the little text books, *Première* and *Deuxième Année d'Histoire de France*, which have an enormous circulation, are known to all French school boys and school girls, and which he kept improving until his death. He tells there all that children should know of the annals of their country and he tells it with the simplicity and directness that

<sup>8</sup> Address at the inauguration of the University of Paris, Nov. 18, 1896, in "L'Université de Paris," No. 78.

are necessary to assure understanding and interest. No abstractions, no obscure or technical words, no space wasted on unimportant periods, but a thorough study of the essentials, with the most minute explanations and anecdotes, pictures, comparisons with present day conditions, which make history real and living to the dullest imagination.

He reached them also through those little commencement addresses which he insisted on delivering every year in his home town to discuss some of the important topics of the day. These speeches addressed to the children were in fact intended as much for the old folks who found them printed in *Le Temps*, where they doubtless had a wider audience than in the little village school. In familiar, homely little talks he told in turn "what history teaches us about our country and our forefathers," what elements go "to make up a fatherland," what the people of France "owe to their nation and their government," what grounds we have "to believe that progress is not a mere illusion but a reality that any one may test for himself." And these sermons were not merely lessons in enlightened patriotism; they preached an intelligent faith in reason, tolerance, broadmindedness, and optimism; lessons that are always needed and bear endless repeating.

Until the last M. Lavissee preached those lessons. When he stopped his preaching to the students or his preaching to the little children, he continued to preach to the public at large through the press. In addition to the *Revue de Paris*, for which he wrote very often, he spoke to the public through *Le Temps*, in which his letters to the editor, somewhat on the order of those of Goldwin Smith in the *New York Sun*, in his last years, were a very influential factor in shaping a sound public opinion.

Of course during the war he enlisted, with all the intellectuals, in the defence of his country, writing more abundantly than ever, in the most popular dailies and with the authority of a man who was known to have made a specialty not merely of history but of the special history of France's main rival and arch-enemy. He went through all the emotions of his people, not excepting a bit of hysteria,<sup>9</sup> which was excusa-

<sup>9</sup> His attitude is discussed with refreshing originality and frankness by G. Demartial "Comment on mobilisa les consciences," *F. Rieder*, Paris 1922.



ble in a man whose home had been burned by the invaders and whose village remained for four years under their rule. But when the war ended, he became both calmer and juster. He felt it his duty no longer to stir up patriotic enthusiasms, but to speak sound and sober truths.

The article he wrote in October 1919, before the general elections, was a plea for the confidence in the power of France to recover her prosperity as she had done several times before in her tumultuous history,—a first time after the hundred years' war, again after the civil wars of the sixteenth century, and finally after the great shock of 1870. It was also a plea for a vast program of moral, intellectual, and national reforms, and he used both this plea for optimism and this plea for reform as the concluding words of the last volume of *Contemporary History*.

In his controversy with foreign historians he resumed his pre-war fairness and discriminating soundness of judgment. I find even among my clippings an article he was moved to write to *Le Temps*, at the beginning of the school year in 1919, to protest against the dangerous and foolish tendency in French secondary schools to drop the study of German. "Will anyone claim in France that we have nothing to learn from the Germans? . . . All those who have at heart the future of our country must guard us against this danger: to be ignorant of Germany."

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In the death of Professor Lavissee France has thus lost something more than a distinguished writer of history or even a prominent educator. It has lost a leader whose influence was ever on the side of reason, commonsense, liberalism and progress.

During the years that have followed the war it has seemed as though the liberal forces, in France as in other countries, were on the wane and were leaving the field to the more vocal and aggressive sophists of the doctrines of autocracy and reaction. A narrow and arrogant nationalism, an unrepentant clericalism seem, in France and Italy, to be in the ascendancy both in literature and politics, with a corresponding slump in

the influence and force of liberalism. The spectacle offered by Italy where delirious extremists have pushed everybody else off the stage is only, in more aggravated form, the situation that obtains more or less all over the world. Under such conditions the departure of a man whose long intimacy with the past and its lessons, had taught moderation, sanity, openness of mind, breadth of view, and intelligent optimism, is nothing less than an international calamity.

## Childe Rolande Redivivus

(A Fantasy)

CHARLES B. SHAW

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To begin in the approved Stevensonian manner, it was a dark and stormy night on Styx. Old Charon was loath to ferry me across. He grumbled discontentedly about people who *would* visit Hades, about thoughtless mortals who would never bring down to him a gasoline engine, and about innumerable other incongruous and forgotten matters. Imagine Charon talking about two-cylindereed marine engines and the latest lines in dories! In amazement even the three-headed dog forgot to bark triply.

As an actor loses himself in his part and yet knows all the time that the play is not real, so I was constantly aware that this was only a dream. Charon knew it too.

I was aroused from reverie and inattention to his grumblings in time to hear him remark, "You mortals think that we're old fogies down here. No sir! Not a bit of it! We keep abreast of the times up above. We know modern literature and modern science. We read free verse and Freud. We know that a dream is, of course, a wish fulfillment. Now, like a mortal real estate agent, I aim to please. What wish can I fulfill for you?"

I pondered deeply on my many wishes. After a pause I said, "I think I'd like to see Robert Browning."

Charon consulted his directory. "Browning, R. and E. B. Hippocrene Apartments, Parnassus Road. That's over in the sub-Adriatic section, but I'll take you there directly, sir."

I remember nothing of our trip through Hades. My memory is a blank until the moment that Browning and I were seated cozily on a divan discussing the relative merits of Abt Vogler and Debussy. Browning was the genial and cordial man I had always thought him to be. All went well until I was so unfortunate as to mention *Childe Rolande*.

"I've always thought, sir," I remarked, deferentially I'm sure, "that *Childe Rolande* was a bit vague and obscure, that—"

"Vague! Obscure! Bah!" interrupted Browning, rudely and emphatically. "People who say that have a very limited understanding."

"But that is what many people say," I defended myself. "Now of course everyone knows and loves *Evelyn Hope*, but with *Childe*—"

"Rot!" he interrupted again. "Any child ought to understand *Childe Rolande*."

"But no child does," I observed. "Many grown-ups don't either."

"There's no excuse for such stupidity," muttered Browning. He was quite heated.

"I think, sir, if you would be willing to tell me just what you meant to bring out in the poem, it—"

"I shall do nothing of the kind," again interrupted the poet. "Perhaps," he added sarcastically, "you think you could do better?" It was evident that I had touched the genial gentleman in an extremely sore spot.

"Oh no, sir," I protested.

"I believe you do think so," he mused. "No doubt you consider yourself a mute inglorious Milton. Well, go ahead! Try it—here's a subject made to your hand."

"No indeed!"

"Yes!" he insisted. "Those carping critics who say that I'm obscure! Now I'll show them! Young man, you try to write *Childe Rolande* and let's see how successful you are."

"But, Mr. Browning—"

"Enough!" he commanded imperiously. "You must do it. No refusal! I won't say *One Word More*." Grandiloquently Mr. Browning left the room.

The memories fade again for a while. The next thing that I recollect is talking again with Charon. He observed that I was in trouble.

"Yes. Indeed I am," I said in answer to his question, and I confided the whole story to him.

Charon mused for a while, at the same time scratching his head in a very mortal-like manner. I reflected that, after all, he was a reasonably pleasant old gentleman. "I hate to see a visitor badly treated," he at last broke the silence. "I'll tell

you what we'll do. We'll run over to the Albion district and drop in at the *Mermaid*. Perhaps some of the boys there can help you out."

I thanked Charon profusely.

Arrived at the *Mermaid*, Charon introduced me to the "boys" and explained my predicament. There was Dan Chaucer; immortal Sidney; the Bard of Avon; rare Ben; Coleridge, who soared to elegize an ass; lamented Adonais; Byron, the Pythian of his age, the Pilgrim of Eternity; Shelley, the pardlike spirit beautiful and swift—all these and countless more were there.

"So you are obligated to endeavor, Sir, to retranscribe the history of Childe Rolande?" remarked Dr. Johnson crustily. "Sir, felicity attend you in your retranscribing." Boswell copied down every word.

"Yes, sir," I said in a frightened, weak little voice.

"I would suggest," said Marlowe approaching me, "that you use my mighty line. It has been tried by many others and has always been found to be remarkably efficacious."

"You sound like a patent medicine advertisement, Kit," remarked Shakespeare, coming forward.

"I know, Will," said Marlowe, "but in these days of free verse—," he broke off, sighing mournfully. "But you will use it, won't you?" he asked, turning to me again.

"Yes, indeed," I assured him.

"There's one thing, young man," said Shakespeare, "that I want to speak to you about. This Browning youngster calls himself a 'writer of plays.' How do you feel about that, Ben?" he called to Jonson.

"Did he know much Latin or Greek?" enquired the latter.

Shakespeare subsided momentarily. Then he addressed me again. "As an eminent authority on the subject—I speak with all due modesty—I assure you that this Browning was a failure as a playwright. His *forte* was what he called the dramatic lyric. Now I'd like to see you beat him at his own game. Incidentally, I have a fatherly interest in Childe Rolande. 'Writer of plays!' Humph!"

I perceived that here was an aggravated case of professional

jealousy. "I see what you mean, sir," I replied. "You suggest that I have Childe Rolande tell his own story?"

"Exactly," Shakespeare beamed.

"Very well, sir," I agreed, "I'll try it."

Coleridge, pausing in front of us a moment, remarked casually that the simplicity of *The Ancient Mariner* appealed to many readers. I made a mental note of the hint.

The kindly Tennyson next approached us. Shakespeare stepped aside, muttering some comparison of Arthur, Othello, and their treatment of erring wives. He seemed contemptuous.

"Young man," began Tennyson, "have you ever written poetry?"

Weakly I confessed that I had not.

"I was afraid so," he continued. "You don't look like a poet. No offense intended, of course," he added quickly. "Now you understand that Robert and I were always good friends; but then, too, we were always rivals. To be quite frank, he felt rather badly about the laureateship." Here Dryden, Southey, and Wordsworth strolled by together. Tennyson changed the subject. "I can't imagine what has come over Robert lately. He's a changed man—touchy and cross and cantankerous. I sometimes wonder if Elizabeth and Xantippe aren't getting too intimate—but you didn't come here to listen to Hadean gossip. You say you've never written poetry?"

"No, sir," I again assured him.

"I'm afraid you'll have a hard time with Childe Rolande then. I have a plan, however, which I think will solve the difficulty. Mr. Chairman," he shouted to Milton, "please call the meeting to order."

Milton did so. Suckling and Lovelace, standing near by, grumbled at this display of Puritannical authority, but Rossetti informed me that they always did. He said that they showed no respect for the glory of a bygone age.

Tennyson turned to address the meeting. "Fellow poets and gentlemen," he began.

"I'm glad he makes the distinction," muttered Byron, at the same time glowering at Leigh Hunt.

"Fellow poets and gentlemen," said Tennyson, "you have all

heard the predicament in which this young gentleman has been placed. I have learned that he is not a poet. We shall all agree, I think, that to rival our esteemed co-worker, one needs must have at least 'a spark o' nature's fire'."

"Hear! Hear!" cried Walter Scott, while Burns blushed fierily.

"My plan is this," continued Tennyson. "Obviously the young man cannot construct his own poem. I propose that we do it for him."

"Too many cooks," sententiously interpolated the advice-giving Pope. "Just how do you propose that we do this?"

"Very simply," replied Tennyson. "I realize that we could not all work harmoniously to produce a new poem. My device is simply this."

"He never could get to the point," complained the epigrammatic Walter Landor savagely.

"I propose that we throw open our works to him. Let him choose and combine what he finds—here a little, there a little; line upon line and precept upon precept."

"A giddy, fantastic idea—worthy of one who wrote *The Princess*. Educated women! Women and learning!" This in contemptuous tones from Tom Moore.

"Mr Chairman," went on Tennyson, "we shall not embarrass our young friend by unnecessary discussion. I ask you to put the question."

"All those in favor will so signify by raising the right hand," declared Milton. In a moment he complained, "I can't see how the votes stand."

"Oh, never mind," broke in Walt Whitman, in his customary rough manner, "it passed."

As I was expressing my profuse thanks to Tennyson for his kindness, Charon appeared in the spacious lobby of the *Mermaid* and beckoned to me. With regret I said good-bye to all these helpful friends.

"Well," asked Charon, "any luck?"

"Yes indeed!" I said, and told him of Tennyson's proposal.

"Very generous of them all," commented Charon. "Is there anything more that I can do for you?"

"If it won't be too much trouble," I said hesitatingly, "I'd like to talk to Childe Rolande."

"Nothing simpler. At present he is boarding with Benedick, the married man. Benedick and Beatrice have taken a bungalow whose charm'd magic casements open on the foam of perilous seas, in færy lands forlorn. I'm going over that way now."

Near the bungalow we saw Childe Rolande, clad in clanking armor, strolling in solitary grandeur along the beach. Charon pointed him out to me and then hurried away on his own business.

I approached. "Mr. Rolande?" I said interrogatively.

He stared at me icily. I perceived that I had done something I ought not to have done. "*Childe Rolande*, sir."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," I faltered. "I saw that you were grown up, so I thought—"

"The mistake is excusable," he said frigidly. Then noticing my look of distress, he added more politely, "Can I be of service to you?"

"Yes," I said, assuming my best reportorial manner. "I have been requested by Mr. Browning to rewrite your history." I thought it best to omit further details. "I hope you don't mind double dealing."

"Not in the least," he exclaimed, satisfaction beaming out through the bars of his visor. "I'm glad to hear that you are. Of course I like Browning, but I've always felt that he didn't deal with me quite plainly enough."

"Just the way I've felt," I joined in. "Now if you'll tell me your story I'll do my best to express it comprehensibly."

"The story is really very simple," said Childe Rolande, modestly. "Even from my earliest boyhood I felt the wanderlust. It grew stronger and stronger, though my parents—Mother, especially—tried to repress it. Their efforts were in vain. I remember, though, at one time I was so disappointed at their refusal to let me travel that I nearly took to drink. The temptation passed, however. Finally the folks consented. I realized, only when it was too late, that I should have evolved some scheme or philosophical system to guide me through life



—but it's useless to lock the stable door after the horse has been stolen."

"Very true," I murmured.

"I was sorry not to have had this guiding light, but I soon remembered that it does no good to cry over spilt milk."

I tried blunderingly to be sympathetic.

"Though I often despaired, I was always lured on by some hope. Despite my hopes, however, for a long time it seemed impossible that I should ever discover the Utopia I had set out for. But I reflected that many other men were also seeking to gain seemingly impossible goals. What other men were doing I knew that I could do."

"Noble resolve!" I interjected admiringly.

"After many years of wandering and ceaseless searching, I came to a strange, far distant land. One night, after I had lain down to rest, I had a strange dream or vision or trance. Whether it was true I cannot tell. I seemed to have a double personality: part of me was watching the rest of me act."

"Quite modern!" I exclaimed.

"In this trance I saw that I had discovered the long sought quest. There before me was the bleak, lonely, rugged turret—the gateway to the promised land. I approached it slowly. Between me and the battlement ran a stream which I was unable to cross. I tried to warn myself of impending danger, but I stood there in despair and dismay, unheeding myself."

"Yes," I breathed breathlessly.

"Suddenly an idea came to me. Near the bank of the stream was a reed. Although I had never associated with lowly born artisans, I nevertheless managed to fashion an instrument similar to the pipe. When I had finished it I put it to my lips and blew."

"Yes," I suggested encouragingly as he hesitated.

"That's all I remember," said Childe Rolande sadly. "I recollect nothing after that until I found myself down here in Hades. That's the tale, plain, unadorned and unembellished."

I read aloud the notes of my interview. He listened without comment and then assured me that they were the simple facts of the case. Childe Rolande had interested me so much that I regretted having to leave him. I was soon forced, how-

ever, to bid him farewell and set out in search of Charon. The old gentleman was easily found—everybody in Hades knows him.

"Well?" he greeted me.

"Very well," I thanked him.

"Where now?" he asked.

"Home, Charon. I must get back to my library immediately."

As Charon grounded his bark on the terrestrial bank of the Styx, I jumped out. When I turned around to thank him for his courtesy and kindness he had vanished—probably Big Ben frightened him away.

Breakfast over and pipe lighted, I strolled into the study. A few minutes later my wife, pausing in the doorway, demanded: "What in the world are you going to do with all those books?"

"Oh," I replied nonchalantly, "I think I'll do a little work on the subject of

#### CHILDE ROLANDE REDIVIVUS"

##### ARGUMENT

How Childe Rolande, in spite of doubt and despair, wandered through manie a distant countrie in search of the Dark Tower; of the strange things that befell; and how he blew the horn.

##### THE HERO SOLILOQUIZETH ON HIS WANDERLUST

"I cannot rest from travel, I will drink	(Tennyson)
The wine that maketh glad the heart of man,	(Psalms)
(Which not to know is not to live at all)	(Wilde)
And steep my senses in forgetfulness	(Shakespeare)
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink."	(Keats)

##### HE PHILOSOPHIZETH ON THE AIMLESSNESS OF HIS PAST SEARCH

I from this moment should have formed some plan;	(Shelley)
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea	(Wordsworth)
Here at the quiet limit of the world,	(Tennyson)
Sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,	(Bryant)
(Proud, then, clear-eyed and laughing) go to greet	(Brooke)
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death	(Shakespeare)
Rocks, caves, bogs, dens, lakes, fens, and shades of death.	(Milton)

## THOUGH OFTEN DOWNCAST, THE CHILDE WAS EVER LURED ON BY HOPE

How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,	(Wordsworth)
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?	(Milton)
But Hope, the charmer, lingered still behind.	(Campbell)
It came again with a great wakening light:	(Hunt)
Hope was seen beaming through the mists of fear,	(Shelley)
White as a white sail on a dusky sea.	(Byron)

## HE APOSTROPHIZETH HOPE

O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope!	(Milton)
Sweet Hope! Ethereal balm upon me shed!	(Keats)
Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend,	(Pope)
Mine ancient wisdom and austere control:	(Wilde)
Guide and support and cheer me to the end!	(Wordsworth)

## HE MEDITATETH ON THE VANITY OF HIS UTOPIAN QUEST

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find,	(Goldsmith)
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,	(Gray)
The undiscovered country from whose bourne	(Shakespeare)
Eternal joy and everlasting love,	(Otway)
In all their amethystine panoply,	(Wilde)
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom	(Shakespeare)
To the misled and lonely traveller	(Milton)
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.	(Wordsworth)

## HE RESOLVETH THAT HE SHALL NOT BE OUTDONE BY OTHERS

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity,	(Byron)
Walking the cold and starless road of death,	(Tennyson)
Who cry for shadows, clutch, and cannot tell	(Brooke)
The path which leads to immortality;	(Shelley)
Who track the steps of glory to the grave;	(Byron)
And blown with restless violence round about	(Shakespeare)
To search with wandering quest a place foretold,	(Milton)
To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands,	(Shelley)
Forget all times, all seasons, and all change	(Milton)
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.	(Tennyson)

AS IN A TRANCE AT LAST HE REACHETH THE LONG- SOUGHT TOWER,  
AND DESCRIBETH WHAT HE SEETH

I had a dream which was not all a dream	(Byron)
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers,	(Shelley)
The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,	(Wordsworth)
The snowy peak and snow-white cataract	(Tennyson)
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars	(Marlowe)
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew.	(Dryden)
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces	(Shakespeare)

Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,	(Johnson)
Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.	(Hunt)
And in clear dream and solemn vision,	(Milton)
'Mid groves and copses, once again I see	(Wordsworth)
A brave man struggling in the storm of fate,	(Pope)
His healthful spirit eager and awake, . . .	(Keats)
Unhappie wight, borne to disastrous end!	(Spenser)

## AND WHAT HAPPENETH

Forth from his dark and lonely hiding-place	(Coleridge)
Beside the shore of the small stream he went; . . .	(Shelley)
Within that circle none durst walk but he.	(Dryden)
Startled by his own thoughts he looked around,	(Shelley)
But further way found none, so thick entwined,	(Milton)
Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,	(Spenser)
The vines in rows, each impaled on its stake.	(Browning)

## HE RE-ENACTETH THE SCENE

He paused, and ere he could resume, I cried:	(Shelley)
"Hard are the ways of truth and rough to walk.	(Milton)
Must helpless man in ignorance sedate,	(Johnson)
Smiling and slow, walk, through a world of tears,	(Shelley)
The path of sorrow, and that path alone?"	(Cowper)

## HE FINDETH NO HORN

There is no virtue like necessity.	(Shakespeare)
Necessity, the mother of invention,	(Farquhar)
Servant of God, and master of all things,	(Bailey)
Plans and performs, resolves and executes.	(Moore)

## BUT FASHIONETH ONE

Beside the sparkling rivulet he stretched;	(Shelley)
For in yon stream there is a little reed,	(Wilde)
And his tremendous hand is grasping it.	(Keats)

## THE END OF THE QUEST

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,	(Shelley)
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe,	(Milton)
The thing became a trumpet whence he blew	(Wordsworth)
"Childe Rolande to the Dark Tower came!"	(Shakespeare)

## Thomas Holcroft—Man of Letters

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Take a man whose reputation rests today more on his life than on his works,<sup>1</sup> more on biography than on bibliography, more on his politics than on his publications, and immediately the wonder arises why it should be desirable at all to consider him as a man of letters. Though Holcroft, born in 1745, produced his first book of poetry in 1777, his first novel in 1780, and his first play in 1781, and only achieved distinction when over forty-five years old, when the period of his greatest productiveness was over, it is still true that his contemporary name and fame really rested on his writings, though he wrote nothing that belongs in the canon of English literature. There are here few "beginnings" of any movement, few traces of Holcroft's "influence" on other men. Yet those very books which now pale into mediocrity were once extremely popular.

Looking at them we can see something of what the English public were actually reading and so naturally of what they were thinking, when the cataclysm of the French Revolution disrupted men's minds and hearts.

### THE NOVEL

Holcroft was known as a novelist and as a playwright before he was known as a "revolutionist." His many translations were done to provide bread and butter; his vindictive political pamphlets remind us of the saying: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Both fall outside the reasonable limits of literature.

His most noteworthy novels were: *Anna St. Ives* (1792), *Hugh Trevor* (1794-1797), *Bryan Perdue* (1805). The first two of these were popular, widely cited and frequently referred to by distinguished literary men of that decade. The last was not such a success. In it Holcroft spoke too much and too obviously of his own disagreeable experiences, and this for

<sup>1</sup> The bibliographical data on which this paper is based has been published by the New York Public Library in a small book by the present writer. Holcroft's activities as a political writer form the topic of an article in the *Mid-West Quarterly*, for October, 1918.

a man personally out of favor with the public inevitably results in dead stock on the booksellers' hands. Three pieces of creative fiction may not mean much amid a deluge of publications. Yet they make up a consistent group, characteristic of Holcroft; and they fit perfectly into the accepted general interpretations of the literature and life of the late eighteenth century.

Holcroft wrote no Gothic Romances.<sup>2</sup> His sentimentality is incidental rather than fundamental. He was a doctrinaire. He said: "Whenever I have undertaken to write a novel, I have proposed to myself a specific purpose. This purpose, in *Anna St. Ives*, was to teach fortitude to females; in *Hugh Trevor*, to induce youth (or their parents) carefully to inquire into the morality of the profession which each might intend for himself; and, in the present work, to induce all humane and thinking men, such as legislators ought to be and often are, to consider the general and adventitious value of human life, and the moral tendency of our penal laws."

The doctrinaire novelists were theorists first and novelists last. They honestly believed that they might help to reform the world by their writings. In the novel *Mount Henneth* (1781) Robert Bage showed a man who puts an end to witchcraft by penning a pamphlet. In *Man As He Is* (1792), he tells of a revolution in Transylvania and cites the books which stirred it up, books on the rights of man, the wrongs of kings, the privileges of nobility, and royal interference in church affairs. Nor were all their facts fictitious. Charles the First may have had his Puritans indeed; but George the Third had his Thomas Paine. *Common Sense* (1776) had run through the colonies like wild-fire just before the Fourth of July. *The Rights of Man* threatened to do as much in England, and might have but for the strenuous measures adopted by Pitt and Dundas.<sup>3</sup> Ten thousand pens start for their inkstands. The age of chivalry is gone; and the age of truth and reason has commenced through the printed page. Burke may mourn the discourtesies shown Marie Antoinette; but that was sentiment.

<sup>2</sup> See his condemnation of the type in critiques which he wrote for *The Monthly Review* (ix: 337; xi: 153; xiv: 350).

<sup>3</sup> Leibnitz said: "Les feuilles volantes ont plus d'efficace en Angleterre qu'en tout autre pays." (*Correspondence avec L'Electrice Sophia*, ii, 224.)

said Paine, who accused Burke of pitying the plumage and forgetting the dying bird. It was splendid optimism: London clubs distributing brochures in the cause of right and Shelley later scattering leaflets from a Dublin balcony or sending them to sea in bottles. "The press is the terror of despotism."<sup>4</sup> Error must be extirpated. "What is evil but error? What is error but ignorance?"<sup>5</sup> Let truth be known and it will conquer itself. So it was by free discussion and by the spreading of truth through literature that Godwin and Holcroft<sup>6</sup> hoped to instruct and fit men for the more perfect future, where would be the golden age.<sup>7</sup> With serious intent they set about their business. "It is the duty of all men to warn each other against error, in whatever manner, form, or place, it may exist: and this is peculiarly our duty, we having professedly made that our department in the general labours of society."<sup>8</sup> Into their novels they infused these doctrines so that, amid the moving pictures of popular story, the world might see how successfully the theories would operate. They believed in that trite but true observation which proclaims that examples work more forcibly on the mind than precepts. If this be true of what is odious and blameable, it is more forcible still as regards what is amiable and praiseworthy.<sup>9</sup> Here emulation would most effectually operate and "impress imitation in an irresistible manner." In the novel was to be found "the power of playing on the mind, interesting the affections, and teaching moral and political truths."<sup>10</sup>

When the new ideas of the eighteenth century struck Godwin, they developed in him what Leslie Stephen has called "a remorseless ergotism," a thoroughgoing system of logical deductions which takes no account of variations, sentiment or prejudice. When they struck Holcroft, he summarized them all in one word "Virtue," argued it in his conversations and

<sup>4</sup> Holcroft, *Travels to Paris*, ii, 514.

<sup>5</sup> Holcroft, in *The Monthly Review*, for January, 1795, x, 62.

<sup>6</sup> See Holcroft's critique, approving of Godwin's ideas on this subject, in *The Monthly Review*, for March, 1793, x, 311-314.

<sup>7</sup> Holcroft, *Travels to Paris*, i, 37.

<sup>8</sup> *The Monthly Review*, for January, 1793, x, 207.

<sup>9</sup> This runs counter to reason, but is the typical British viewpoint. For a discussion of this matter see Erskine, John: *The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent*.

<sup>10</sup> Thus spoke Holcroft, reviewing Bage's *Man As He Is* in *The Monthly Review*, for March, 1793, x, 297.

proclaimed it in his novels. It was the very essence of the theory of perfectibility. Man's capacity for continual improvement was calculated as a mathematical probability by Godwin. By Holcroft it was demonstrated in his novels. So clearly doctrinaire are his volumes of fiction that a "Q. E. D." might well have been used by the printer in place of the customary "FINIS." The careful and precise reasoning of Godwin's *Political Justice* and of Condorcet's famous *Esquisse* followed a purely materialistic, a decisive mathematical conception, to ultimate conclusions. The Malthusian theories of society deal with facts and figures, not with human psychology. There was little of Rousseau's simplicity in all this: it was a sophisticated morality in a rational mind. And such were the people Holcroft wrote out as heroes and heroines, such were the subjects of their conversation and the bases of their codes of conduct.

Anna St. Ives, the heroine of the book of the same name, reminds us of Jane Austen's exclamation: "Pictures of perfection make me sick." And well might they. Anna herself was but one of an astounding parade of excellent heroes and heroines. They always know their "duties" toward the world. They not only are high-minded but dabble in high affairs. Indeed, it was a parade. Anna St. Ives was far from being alone. Godwin's Marguerite de Damville in *St. Leon* (1799), Bage's Miss Campinet in *Man As He Is Not* (1795), Mrs. Mathews' Emily in *What Has Been* (1803), and Mrs. Opie's Adelina Mowbray in the novel which bears her name (1804) preached down the pages; and Mary Wollstonecraft walked the streets of London in the very flesh. Far different these from the meddling, matchmaking, truly feminine Emma of Jane Austen.

However, when these intellectual women like Anna St. Ives marry poor but honest inferiors, we must realize that the two might fall in love despite the disparity of their stations. Love can pass over the narrow boundaries of social convention. Romance is radicalism every time such a thing happens. Not by mere chance did Holcroft name a play *Love's Frailties* (1794) instead of "Radical Indiscretions" or "Discerning Radicals" or even "The Perfected Lovers." The heart ever chafed at restrictions. Love was a revolutionary generations



before Mirabeau was born. This situation is as old as romance. We are too prone, we students, after looking at the bright flare of the Revolution, and through it rather than behind it, to see its white light in every corner.

Yet, it should not for a moment be imagined that this novel, or any of the other novels of the same "school," attempted to upset tradition solely by the force of love. The love was there, we will grant. And love makes a good excuse. But this love was a perfectibilitarian sort of love, an elaboration of pure friendship, based on the intellect and sharpened only slightly by the difference of sex. These persons were not lovers so much as they were reasoners. If a particular man was "nice" or "good" or "honest," they decided to live with him and bear his children. The cool voice of reason put a check on the inclinations of passion. Argument was more prominent and more potent than love. Always we have "the eternal omnipotent mind" and the importance of education and training in developing character and determining conduct:<sup>11</sup> echoes of Rousseau, Holbach, and Helvetius mixed together and confused. It would be vain to expatiate on the origins of these theories. This has already been done.<sup>12</sup> The books have even been summarized.<sup>13</sup> Let it suffice to remark that the doctrinaire novel which reeked with these ideas was popular. It was imitated and satirized.<sup>14</sup>

In these books of the "revolutionary school" there are certain similarities. We might also take the phrase literally and imagine authors going to a fiction academy, a school presided over by revolutionists, and there being told the types they should represent. The "model" characters are, like Sir Charles Grandison, men of but one idea; but theirs is a revolutionary one. They talk as if they were answering Burke. They ex-

<sup>11</sup> Holcroft condemned a novelist for making a character "vicious by nature" and not showing the effects of their education and training. *The Monthly Review*, Nov. 1793, xii, 337.

<sup>12</sup> A. E. Hancock, *The French Revolution and the English Poets*, New York, 1899.

<sup>13</sup> Allene Gregory, *The French Revolution and the English Novel*, New York, 1915.

<sup>14</sup> Supplementing those novels already mentioned there can be cited: *Memoirs of Emma Courtney*, by Mary Hayes (1802); *The Vagabond*, by George Walker (1799); *Romulus*, by F. Mill (?); *Nature and Art*, by Mrs. Inchbald (1796); *Barham Down* (1784); *The Fair Syrian* (1787), and *James Wallace* (1788) by Robert Bage; and *Cyber, or The World As It Goes* (1791), *The Independent* (1784), and *The Democrat* (1795) by anonymous authors.

press contempt for the superficial accomplishments of society. Well might they, for society is always represented by a "man of fashion" who is active in the whole etiquette of visiting, dressing, driving, riding, fencing, dancing, gaming, and writing cards of comment—and in nothing else. This type of gentleman is ridiculed for his proficiency in frivolous follies and indolence in all useful duties, for he has been trained for generations to do nothing and to do it as gracefully as possible. Yet, to the credit of Holcroft be it said, this spirited ridicule is equalled by the lively counter attacks in which the people of "the world" ridicule in turn the apparent weaknesses of the egotistical young men of perfection who are rivals for the lady's hand. In these novels, no "debasing inequality" is admitted save that which arises from either character or education. A man educated in the sentiments of virtue and honor is equal to any other in the world, able to take place in any rank he pleases, however uncouth his manners may be, able to marry whom he pleases, however little he knows of polite courtesies. So wrote Holcroft, and so wrote the others too.

We also find incidents common to the period. The hero performs a feat of life-saving which redounds to his credit.<sup>15</sup> The heroine is abducted and attempts are made to force her marriage to an undesirable character.<sup>16</sup> Especial scorn is heaped upon the contemporary practice of duelling.<sup>17</sup> From *James Wallace* to *Anna St. Ives* they are doctrinaire novels slightly touched by the prevailing sentimentality of the century, similar even in their details.

*Anna St. Ives* shows the propaganda of the Revolution mingled with the personal affairs of private people. *Hugh Trevor* continues the argument and shows it as it affects men in public life. Holcroft, in *Hugh Trevor*, is simply putting on paper his own career. The actual details may differ, yet Hugh Trevor is really Holcroft, the engraver Turl is his friend William Sharp who was a very successful engraver, an orthodox and patronizing bishop is Granville Sharpe, an untrustworthy statesman is Henry Dundas to the letter. Holcroft's

<sup>15</sup> Similar incidents appear in *Man As He Is Not* and in *Bryan Perdue*.

<sup>16</sup> Similar incidents appear in *Barham Downs*, *Man As He Is Not*, and also in *Peregrine Pickle* and *Clarissa Harlowe*, which are not of this school.

<sup>17</sup> See also *Man As He Is*. cf. "Ode to a Friend Wounded in a Duel," by William Somerville, in Doddsley's *English Poets*, iv, 305.

own literary difficulties are depicted in a passage on the lot of hack-writers.<sup>18</sup> Sheridan appears as a theatre manager, which he was, treated without reserve, yet justly. Lawyers are scathingly assailed, as unhesitatingly as Holcroft assailed them directly in his political pamphlet on his own imprisonment.<sup>19</sup> The spoiled childhood of Holcroft's son William is easily recognizable. There is a continental trip, as there was in *Anna St. Ives* and in such a multitude of novels of the time, but in this the man goes abroad to understand the world and the effect of its laws by making a short journey of observation and deduction.<sup>20</sup> As a reflection of Holcroft's own experiences, and of his opinions of the way the world had treated him, the volume is invaluable. Because it was a part of life, therefore true to life, it was fairly successful.

Bryan Perdue is not so interesting, nor so spirited and original. A few passages are autobiographical—but the main purpose is to illustrate the effects of youthful training,<sup>21</sup> and to show the lasting evils that result from cruel punishment of criminals instead of attempts to reform them. This theme, borrowed from *Caleb Williams* (1794), though often briefly expressed by Holcroft himself before that in *Anna St. Ives* (1791), was later to become a primary tenet of the Utilitarians. The educational theory developed from the French philosophy of the eighteenth century, had many antecedents and many exponents. It was a popular theme of the time. It formed the foundation of most of the doctrinaire novels of the period.

Ignorance was the great error, in fact ignorance was the only source of crime.<sup>22</sup> It was believed that an enlightened self-interest properly diffused through all classes of society would accomplish a great change, though necessarily a slow one. Men were to be educated towards perfection. The middle class ignorance, which Fanny Burney ridiculed, was seen

<sup>18</sup> cf. the pictures of literary drudgery in Godwin's *Fleetwood*.

<sup>19</sup> *A Narrative of Facts*, 1795. cf. Mrs. Inchbald's novel *Nature and Art* and Holcroft's play *Hear Both Sides*.

<sup>20</sup> cf. similar trips in *Anna St. Ives* and in *Clarissa Harlowe*.

<sup>21</sup> Looking in their mirrors the progressives of that generation were tempted to think that perfection might have been within their reach had not their youth been stunted by the influence of Calvin and the British Constitution." (H. N. Brailsford, *Shelley, Godwin and Their Circle*, p. 84.)

<sup>22</sup> cf. W. Belcher, *Holcroft's Folly* or, *A Word on the Monstrous Doctrine that Crimes are but Mistakes* (1795) written in answer to an earlier statement of the same theory.

by these revolutionary novelists to be equalled by the errors in education among the aristocrats. Perverted knowledge was as bad as no knowledge at all. Yet all this would soon be changed if these novelists had their way. The growth and spread of moral and political truths, and an everyday application of these by all people, high and low, would transform the world. Such were the theories of Holcroft. We find them fully represented in his *Memoirs*. We find them in the minutes of the meetings of radical societies. We find them in the evidence at the trials of Hardy, and Tooke, and Thelwall, indicted on the same bill with him in 1794. We find them also in his novels, even in his successful novels. We find them all through his life. The only strange thing is that novels containing such doctrines as these could be so successful when the doctrines themselves were condemned in public, prosecuted by the government, and hissed off the stage. The novels are the novels of the man, as might be supposed. By them he built up his reputation, and when his reputation was assured, he suddenly found himself proscribed because he expressed the same doctrines in meetings of small societies. Any attempt to show that the novelist was different from the radical would be fruitless. The novels are doctrinaire, and of no value otherwise. Their underlying theory checks perfectly with the revolutionary theory of that day and age.

Holcroft and his friend Godwin lived in great times. Though all Europe was engaged in a tremendous military struggle, destroying and annihilating, arousing passions and prejudices, new currents of thought were being set in motion with great hopefulness. They demanded simply a rejection of old errors and a strict insistence on personal worth. Though peace was still far distant and the exhausting campaigns continued, Godwin said: "The human race has made larger strides to escape from a state of childhood in these twenty years than perhaps in any hundred preceding;"<sup>23</sup> Holcroft seconded the motion with: "I live in an age when light begins to appear even in regions that have hitherto been in darkness; and . . . I myself am so highly fortunate as to be able to contribute to the great and universal cause, the progress of truth, the ex-

<sup>23</sup> C. Kegan Paul: *William Godwin, His Friends and Contemporaries*, ii, 208.

tirpation of error, and the general perfection of mind."<sup>24</sup> That was the sentiment of men who opposed the use of violence in any form, from personal duels to international wars. Even amid the turmoil of clashing Continental armies, they retained a faith in moral improvement of men as individuals and in the mass. Holcroft's optimism makes his characters seem too perfect to be real. They have not continued in popular favor. They are inferior, it is true, yet they are of interest, because it was in them that Holcroft advanced the progressive theories of the day. It was by reading them that Crabbe Robinson was prepared for the opinions set forth in *Political Justice*.<sup>25</sup> By writing them Holcroft established in his own mind the liberal ideas which later ended in the charge of High Treason.

#### THE PLAYS

Let us start our consideration of the plays of Holcroft with a rather fantastic and possibly exaggerated statement, to-wit: Holcroft would have liked to be considered the Ben Jonson of his age. Not that he would have delighted in court patronage. His republican soul would have revolted. Not that his group of radical friends were as distinguished or looked up to him in the same degree that the Elizabethans of the Mermaid looked up to "rare Ben." Yet there are points which bear this statement out. Holcroft was a cobbler by trade, Jonson a bricklayer. Both were vigorous satirists of the courtly fop and of the middle class prude. Holcroft, like Jonson, admired the classics and bought them, even though he could not read them in the original. At times he expressed as devoted an admiration for the "unities" as ever Ben Jonson proclaimed. He read and liked Ben Jonson, as well as Pope, and admired Shakespeare for the same reasons that Jonson did. He liked the couplet, although he used it only in poems and not in plays, and we must not forget that it was Jonson, not Pope, who called the couplet the most perfect form of verse. Holcroft's country simpleton was a caricature intended "to show an image of the times" no less than were the frequenters of Bartholomew Fair.

<sup>24</sup> *Anne St. Ives*, vi, 155.

<sup>25</sup> *Diary of Henry Crabbe Robinson*, London, 1869, i, 31. Sir Walter Scott's "kindly notice" of Holcroft is not to be overlooked—nor exaggerated, for that matter. (cf. Oliver Elton, *Survey of English Literature*, 1780-1830, i, 183)

Both dramatists were prone to depict the new types of their respective times.<sup>27</sup> The main situation in *The Road to Ruin* is not very different from that in *Every Man in His Humour*. The Kno'well's are at least third cousins to the Dornton's. It is not too much to say, as Mr. Saintsbury has said, that there is a strain of pure English comedy running from Jonson right through Dryden. Nor is it too much to carry the statement still further. In the eighteenth century it often became mere farce in the hands of Foote and Macklin, but in Dickens it is holding a moral mirror. The line runs right through Jonson, Dekker, Shirley, Massinger, and comes out in the eighteenth century in such men as Foote and Macklin. Indeed the eighteenth century itself saw continual revivals of Jonson. England remained familiar with descriptive names like Trier, Amble, Aimwell, Brains, Sir George Richley, Rider, Scentlove, Bornwell, Little Worth, Welborn, Tapwell, Order, Froth, Greedy, Alworth, Tribulation, Wholesome and Sir Giles Overreach. Foote and Macklin and the others named their characters in similar wise. Nor is it fantastic to speak thus. The actions of Lord Bonville in Shirley's *Hyde Park* and of Lord H. in *The Lady of Pleasure* are similar to those of nobles who court lovely maidens with lustful intent in *Pamela* and *Peregrine Pickle*, to say nothing of Holcroft's *Anna St. Ives* or of his comedy *Seduction*. And finally, in all of these men we find the same tendency towards preaching morality, for Holcroft declared in almost every one of his prefaces and prologues that he wrote with a moral intent no less than did Jonson, Massinger, and Shirley. There were cheap rough-and-tumble farces in Jonson's day too, and Jonson differed from them in the same manner as did Holcroft from those of Foote and Macklin and Fielding. Jonson and Holcroft both thought they were carrying a finer technique and a finer moral motive into realistic, low comedy.

In 1816 *The European Magazine* reviewed Holcroft's recently published *Memoirs* and seized the occasion to say what it thought of his work as a whole. The two books which it

<sup>27</sup> Reynolds boasted that in 1793, when he produced his comedy *How to Grow Rich*, his characters of the place-hunter, the dashing attorney, the faro-banker, and the country banker were then entirely new to the stage. (*Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds Written by Himself*, London, 1826, ii, 161). The same might well be said of Holcroft's characters.

considered the most noteworthy were the novel *Hugh Trevor* and the comedy *The Road to Ruin*. Somewhat as good, though not so popular, were two other comedies. Omitting mere translations and also those original pieces of little worth, we find three plays representative of the best and most characteristic dramatic work that Holcroft did; *The School for Arrogance* (1791), *The Road to Ruin* (1791), *The Deserted Daughter* (1795).

Of these *The Road to Ruin* is the best, and such was likewise the judgment of its contemporaries. The account books of the theatre leave no question as to its success.<sup>28</sup> Beginning as late in the season as February 18th, it had thirty-seven productions before June. Between the date of its *début* and March 24, it was absent from the stage only two nights. It was used to open the theatre the following season,<sup>29</sup> an honor reserved for pieces of established reputation. It was often repeated in later years and revived even in our own times.<sup>30</sup> Holcroft received six hundred and fifty pounds from the theatre the first year as his share of the profits, and then must have obtained substantial sums from the printer, for there were many editions. No wonder that Thomas Apthorp Cooper and Charles Mathews chose to use it as a drawing card when they invaded America.<sup>31</sup> Mrs. Inchbald remarked: "This comedy ranks among the most successful of modern plays."<sup>32</sup> Though enjoying not near so phenomenal a run, *The Deserted Daughter* and *The School for Arrogance* were also well received. *The Deserted Daughter* was acted sixteen times between May second and December second in 1795,<sup>33</sup> and was thereafter often used for benefits. *The School for Arrogance* was not quite so fortunate but still brought the author over 230 pounds for nine performances in the first month and an additional fifty-odd pounds when he altered it the following season into an afterpiece.<sup>34</sup>

This was the age of Siddons and Kemble and Kean, and

<sup>28</sup> British Museum, Egerton MSS. 2292, fol. 87-138.

<sup>29</sup> Beaden, *Memoirs of Mrs. Inchbald*, i, 298.

<sup>30</sup> At the Coronet (London) in 1915.

<sup>31</sup> Ireland, *Records of the New York Stage*, i, 1777; and Ireland, *Thomas Apthorp Cooper*, pp. 15, 38. Played on 19 March 1798 and 7 November 1822.

<sup>32</sup> Preface to *The Road to Ruin* in *The British Theatre*, 1824, vol. iv.

<sup>33</sup> British Museum, Egerton MSS. 2292, fol. 122 to 2294, fol. 130. Dunlap, *American Theatre* P. 249, also speaks of its popularity.

<sup>34</sup> British Museum, Egerton MSS., 2291, fol. 74-93 and 2292, fol. 109.

historians of the theatre have usually emphasized the personalities of the actors at the expense of the plays in which they acted. Perhaps, though, this partiality has not been without good reason. Hazlitt remarked in April, 1820—and his remarks might well have been applied to the previous seventy years—"The age we live in is critical, didactic, paradoxical, romantic, but it is not dramatic."<sup>35</sup> He spoke truly. Possibly it was the sudden expansion of the novel into a thing of life, perhaps it was the ease with which plays could be pirated from Paris.<sup>36</sup> Whatever the cause, the English drama of the late eighteenth century yielded scarce an individual impulse of importance. Lillo and Moore had introduced the domestic drama, usually tragedy, but they had no followers. In 1798 Kotzebue swept the English stage like a whirlwind and Pixierécourt was pilfered from France to initiate the melodrama four years later. The sentimental comedy declined almost to nothingness.<sup>37</sup> There was no progress in the drama, only the reigning crude humor of the farces and the sickly sentimentality of polite plays. The only original note of interest was the subtle ridicule initiated by *The School for Scandal*. Beaumarchais in France and Sheridan in England reflected the critical air of the lower middle classes towards the aristocrats, but did it with a laugh and in the fashion of light literature. Then came Holcroft, author of *Duplicity* and translator of *Le Mariage de Figaro*. Stern moralist as he was, he thought less of producing laughs than of faying the people of fashion. He learned what was known as "low life" by living it; he learned the etiquette of high society second hand. What he learned he mingled in his comedies. But he always added a lesson. It was sometimes true, as he remarked later, that "a few years ago this would have been commonplace satire; but it is the source of no little regret that at present, local and temporary applications are so liable to be made where none are intended." Yet it was not always true. Holcroft himself left no doubt as to his definite intentions. In his prefaces he declared that he wrote the comedies of *Duplicity* and *The Road to Ruin* to put

<sup>35</sup> In the *London Magazine*. cf. *Collected Works*, ed. 1902, viii, 4-5.

<sup>36</sup> cf. Brander Matthews, *Gateways to Literature*, p. 41.

<sup>37</sup> "Mere sentimental comedy is indeed a puling, rickety, unhealthy brat, and no fair offspring of the muse." Holcroft in *The Monthly Review* for March, 1793, x, 302.



a stop to gambling, *Seduction* to make better morality, and *The School for Arrogance* "to cure the world of pride." Persuaded of the dignity of the stage he let slip no opportunity to mould his plots and plays to good moral effect.

His plays reveal the dramatic grooves in which his mind was wont to travel. His characters are much alike. His situations are not very varied. Lavish "men of fashion" are invariably involved in debts<sup>38</sup> which they increase by reckless gambling<sup>39</sup> and so place themselves in the power of unscrupulous money lenders. The pride of rank, in his eyes, is equalled only by the insolence of wealth.<sup>40</sup> It is always the poor who are honest, except when they belong to the large army of insistent tradesmen and usurious Jews.<sup>41</sup> Common incidents like concealed identities, disguises, intrigues, fatal signatures to bonds, over-clever stewards and maids, and anonymous letters are usually depended on for the complication and also for the resolution of the plot.<sup>42</sup> The so-called "low" characters of comedy are favorites.<sup>43</sup> Family affairs are in the forefront, principally strained or concealed relations between father and child.<sup>44</sup>

There is little new or original in his dramatic work. He used what was being used by others, and merely altered it by the moral twist and intent implicit in his ideas of the perfectibility and the perfecting of the human race. Where Foote and Macklin were trying to make people laugh boisterously, and Sheridan was trying to make them laugh lightly, Holcroft was trying to preach. Yet he did it with the same kind of characters. In a single play, for instance, *The Deserted Daughter*, there are distinct traces of Molière's *L'Avare* in the personage of Item, of Clarissa Harlowe in Joanna, of Mrs. Inchbald's *Simple Story*, of the most ordinary of the low farce characters of the time in Donald the faithful Scot who talks so clumsily,

<sup>38</sup> cf. *The Road to Ruin* and *The Deserted Daughter*.

<sup>39</sup> cf. *The Road to Ruin*, *Duplicity* and *The Man of Ten Thousand*.

<sup>40</sup> cf. *The School for Arrogance* and *Knave or Not?*

<sup>41</sup> cf. *The Road to Ruin*, *Seduction*, *Love's Frailties*, and *The Man of Ten Thousand*.

<sup>42</sup> cf. *The Road to Ruin*, *The Deserted Daughter*, *Duplicity*, *Seduction*, *The Man of Ten Thousand*, and *The German Hotel*.

<sup>43</sup> cf. *The Road to Ruin* and *Duplicity*, *The Deserted Daughter*.

<sup>44</sup> cf. *The Road to Ruin*, *The Deserted Daughter*, *The School for Arrogance*, *Deaf and Dumb*, and *The Lady of the Rock*.

and—most notably—of Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop in the lines to be spoken by Mrs. Sarsnet. His *Noble Peasant* was frankly imitated from Shakespeare. Fairfax in *Hear Both Sides* is resurrected from Colman's *Man of Business*. Sir Guy Taunton in *Knave or Not?* is another Matt Bramble. Even his most striking character, Goldfinch in *The Road to Ruin*, was not strictly original on the English stage.<sup>45</sup> His dramatic work, then, even in character delineation, as well as in plot and framework, was skillfully put together from common situations and frequent types on the contemporary stage. He used the materials at hand, whether foreign materials for pilfering<sup>46</sup> or adaptation,<sup>47</sup> or native for reassembling.

Most noteworthy, though, is the influence of Sheridan. "Genius lives, sir," said Holcroft in 1790, "He lives at the sign of the School for Scandal." And Sheridan was his most frequent source. *Love's Fraillies* was a translation, but Holcroft altered the original so as to include some eavesdropping from behind pictures in an artist's studio, thus following the famous tradition of the "screen scene." A scene in *Seduction* was called by contemporaries a direct plagiarism from Sheridan. In *The Road to Ruin* they hide in a closet instead of behind a screen. Lady Peckham in *The School for Arrogance* was taken from Sheridan. Mrs. Sarsnet has already been mentioned.

*The Road to Ruin* is yet a remarkable piece. Where Sheridan dealt with society people chiefly in their social relations, Holcroft made his name and fame by dealing with the upper middle class in such a way that the vigor of their characters is unforgettable. Goldfinch was all the rage. His speech was a curious conglomeration of spirit and nonsense which in the hands of a good actor became a startling personality. Mrs. Thrale wrote to a friend in 1793: "We have had a crazy man in our neighborhood lately, who imitates Goldfinch in *The Road to Ruin*; talks precisely his dialect and drive four thoroughbred horses of different color in hand, with six lamps to the Phaeton. . . . We dined with him at my Lord Deerhurst's, and whilst

<sup>45</sup> James Cobb in *Kensington Gardens, or The Walking Jockey* (1781) had already put a horay person on the stage.

<sup>46</sup> Like the famous piracy of Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*.

<sup>47</sup> Like *A Tale of Mystery*. It is interesting to note that the original of this was altered by Holcroft to add in the final act a bridge scene after the manner of Kotzebue's *Pizarro*, which had been so successful.

all the world was interesting themselves about the state of Europe, he raved about his Phaeton, and talked of the *Tipee*, the *Start* and the *Go*, and a heap of jargon such as one never heard."<sup>48</sup> Many others indulged in this pursuit, one even going so far as to have his front teeth filed to enable him to expectorate "in the true fashion of the most knowing stage-coach drivers."<sup>49</sup> Goldfinch's favorite phrase was: "That's your sort," and he used it on any and every occasion whether it made sense or not.<sup>50</sup> Such a hit did this make, that it became a true compendium for being witty to go to the theatre to see *The Road to Ruin* and then afterwards repeat his phrase all over town. The rest of the play is common enough. Goldfinch made it. He enlivened a machine-made comedy into a stupendous success. Holcroft had previously created other curious speaking characters, but none with the spirit or the reputation of Goldfinch.

Whatever may be said of Holcroft's lack of originality, which is rather a good deal, we must not forget that he contributed materially to the progress of the drama. It was he who discovered and pillaged *Le Mariage de Figaro*, and thereby accomplished what is probably the most remarkable piracy in literary history.<sup>51</sup> It was he who early introduced the German *comédie bourgeoise* into England.<sup>52</sup> It was he who brought to the attention of the British the work of Goldoni, Lope de Vega, Alfieri, Calderon, and Lessing,<sup>53</sup> by translating their pieces in his successful and short lived periodical, *The Theatrical Recorder* (1805). It was he who in translating Pixérécourt's *Coelina* first brought the melodrama onto the English stage. These were no small services.

The bringing of *Coelina* across the channel to appear in

<sup>48</sup> From Streatham Park, 2 December, 1793. (*The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington, 1788-1821*, London, 1914)

<sup>49</sup> Dutton Cook, *Nights at the Play*, 1883, pp. 213-221.

<sup>50</sup> Holcroft even imitated from himself when he put similar catch-words in the mouths of characters in other plays of his: Major Rampart in *The Man of Ten Thousand* and Dr. Gosterman in *He's Much to Blame*. Indeed, since *He's Much to Blame* was produced anonymously, Dr. Gosterman was hissed every time he said "Dot's your sort" because people thought the author had been plagiarizing from Holcroft.

<sup>51</sup> Translated and adapted to appear as *The Follies of a Day* in 1784.

<sup>52</sup> *The German Hotel* (1790).

<sup>53</sup> Lope de Vega he had already translated in *The Wit's Magazine* in 178.

London under the title of *A Tale of Mystery*<sup>54</sup> was perhaps the most effective thing that Holcroft did as translator and adapter of foreign material. The success of the piece was astounding and lasting. It had a host of imitators and set the fashion for many years. Its reputation caused it to be stolen for the New York theatres within three months.<sup>55</sup> It was played at Covent Garden thirty-eight times during its first season, missing only three nights during the month of November. In January Holcroft received £210 for it, very good payment for an afterpiece.<sup>56</sup>

This "novel species of entertainment"<sup>57</sup> had such marked effect on the future course of English dramatic history that we cannot but examine its peculiar first form in detail.<sup>58</sup> It was a French invention, though England had already seen something similar to certain of the elements combined to make up this new form, which was then called by the French name of *mélodrame*. The popular entertainments then denominated "burlettas" had combined music with acting. The sobbing sentimentality of Pizarro had been successful in domestic dramas of ordinary people. The *mélodrame* put all of these things together. It was a comedy dealing with unusual emotional incidents in the lives of common people, enriched with some spectacles and songs, and replete with scenes of high passion. Most characteristic of all, however, is the music, which is employed to supercede speech. The music does not furnish an accompaniment as in opera, nor appear only with the songs as in "musical comedy." In moments of the most intense interest, the characters do not speak at all: they merely act, and the music interprets their emotions, changing with the sentiments of the story from soft to cheerful, from sweet to raucous, or from loud to tremulous. In the printed version of the play frequent notes appear to show at what points the music

<sup>54</sup> Played in London 13 November 1802.

<sup>55</sup> Ireland, *Records of the New York Stage*, i, 213.

<sup>56</sup> British Museum, Egerton MSS. 2301, fol. 34-147.

<sup>57</sup> A contemporary definition appears in Boaden: *Life of John Philip Kemble* (i, 448); in *Life of Frederick Reynolds* (ii, 347); and in *Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin* (i, 337).

<sup>58</sup> Coleridge called it a pantomime; and Frances Anne Kemble, an effective melodrama. (Paul: *William Godwin*, ii, 14; Kemble: *Records of a Girlhood*, i, 283)

should express "confusion or pain or thought," or "dejection," or "joy." Once the rubic says: "Selina shrieks, joining the music which also shrieks." The music actually replaced the words in representing and arousing natural emotions.<sup>59</sup> It was not dialogue. It was not dumb show. It was a felicitous combination of the two.

One other characteristic this early *mélodrame* had which marked the final form of the melodrama as it persisted throughout the nineteenth century. It was romantic, the picture of a conscience yielding to the past and struggling with the future. It was not merely sentiment. It was not Sheridanian satire. It was morality. It was entirely fitting and proper that Holcroft, who believed "the stage to be a very efficient school of morality"<sup>60</sup> should have been the first to bring to the British boards this exceedingly virtuous type of play. After certain changes, excisions and accretions had come with the passing of years, the *mélodrame* became our modern ten-twenty-thirty melodrama.

Whether writing play or novel, Holcroft never let his readers or hearers forget that he was a strong moralist. And his fate was often the usual fate of the over-zealous advocate. He said himself: "I was fool enough to attempt to preach a little morality, and was laughed at for my pains. I have often discovered that I am the true Adam Overdo."<sup>61</sup> For playing Adam Overdo, he found himself in Newgate gaol. He saw his play of *The Vindictive Man* hissed off the stage,<sup>62</sup> and *He's Much to Blame* condemned by an audience.<sup>63</sup> For playing Adam Overdo, he had to resign himself to selling his pictures and library and leaving the country. Still, by the same token, he created the character of Goldfinch. He wrote two successful novels, contributed middle class sentimental comedy and melodrama to the English theatre, and gained a reputation by

<sup>59</sup> This is a method employed with splendid results in many moving picture productions. A striking example is Griffith's *Broken Blossoms* which was adapted from the story of "The Chink and the Child" in Thomas Burke's *Limehouse Nights*.

<sup>60</sup> Article in *The Artist*, edited by Phinca Hoare, 1907, No. xvii.

<sup>61</sup> See Lamb's essay "On the Custom of Hissing in the Theatres."

<sup>62</sup> *Travels to Paris*, 1804, i, 88.

<sup>63</sup> See note 50 above.

his works and by his actions as the most violent and fiery of all the British radicals of the Seventeen Nineties. By the same token he spread the principles of progress and revolutionary doctrine. As a novelist and as a dramatist, Holcroft was inferior. As an ardent and interesting man, typical of the forward looking spirit of his times, Holcroft was a superior type whose life and writings are valuable and illuminating.

## The Wisdom of Al-Ghazali ✓

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Over eight centuries ago there lived in central Asia a man whose voluminous writings on ethics and philosophy seem as vivid and as applicable to life as though written yesterday. This man was Abu Hamid Mohammed Ibn Mohammed Al Ghazali, A. D. 1058 to 1111, one of the most original and important of Mohammedan theologians. Christians who have investigated his writings have been profoundly impressed by them. John W. Draper in his *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* quotes him at length and with respect, in order to indicate the high character of medieval Arabian thought. George Henry Lewes in his *Biographical History of Philosophy* devotes considerable attention to him as typical of the best Arabian moralists. Professor D. B. Macdonald of the Hartford Theological Seminary published an appreciative article on him in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society* in 1899. In 1920 Professor Samuel M. Zwemer of the Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, N. J., published a book about this medieval mystic under the title *A Moslem Seeker After God*.

Some fifty years ago a translation of Ghazali's *Alchemy of Happiness* from the Turkish edition of 1845 was made by Henry A. Holmes, State librarian at Albany. The first chapter is on knowledge of the soul; like the Greek wise man of seventeen centuries earlier Ghazali advises the student to "know thyself." In Holmes' translation the chapter opens: "O seeker after the divine mysteries! know thou that the door to the knowledge of God will be opened to a man first of all, when he knows his own soul. . . . O seeker of the mysteries! since there is nothing nearer to thee than thyself, and that still with thy soul alone, thou canst not discriminate anything, and art impotent to find out and know thyself, in what way canst thou become acquainted with anything else, and with that which is even separate from thyself? And shouldst thou be able to comprehend God, who in his nature cannot

be comprehended, and of whose absolute essence it is not possible to give thee any explanation? If thou shouldst say, 'I perfectly know myself,' we reply that we have no doubt that what you are acquainted with is your own hand and foot, with your eye and mouth, and animals even have this kind of knowledge. You know also that if you are hungry, your stomach craves food, and that if you are cold, you desire clothing; but other animals also understand these things."

After this admonition to the reader, the Light of Islam (as Ghazali has been called) communicates the following information: "If you wish, O seeker of the way! to know your own soul, know that the blessed and glorious God created you of two things: the one is a visible body, and the other is a something internal that is called spirit and heart, which can only be perceived by the mind. . . . If you desire, inquirer for the way, with thankfulness for these mercies, to obtain eternal happiness in the future mansions, the heart must enthrone itself like a sovereign in its capital, the body, must stand at the door of service and direct its prayers to the gate of eternal truth, seeking for the beauty of the divinity. . . . Besides, beloved! if man had been created only to eat and drink, it would follow that animals are of greater worth and excellence than man; for they can eat and drink more than man can. . . . It follows, therefore, that man was not created for these things, but rather to serve God and to grow in the knowledge of him."

Truly these are words for the times; words as applicable for twentieth-century America as for twelfth-century Bagdad, and the humble teacher from the deserts of Khorasan spoke knowingly and keenly. Hear him sound the call for the things of the spirit, as Plato had sounded it in the groves of Academus, and as Emerson was to sound it on the lecture-platform: "The most wonderful thing of all is that there is a window in the heart from whence it surveys the world. This is called the invisible world, the world of intelligence, or the spiritual world. People in general look only at the visible world, which is called the present world, the sensible world, and the material world; their knowledge of it is trivial and limited. . . . There are two arguments to prove that there



are such windows in the heart. One of the arguments is derived from dreams. . . . . The second proof of the existence of these windows in the heart is that no individual is destitute of these spiritual susceptibilities and of the faculty of thought and reflection. For instance every individual knows by inspiration, things which he has neither seen nor heard, though he knows not from whence or by what means he understands them. Still, notwithstanding the heart belongs to the invisible world, so long as it is absorbed in the contemplation of the sensible world, it is shut out and restrained from contemplating the invisible and spiritual world."

One is reminded of Carlyle's words in *Past and Present* where he says: "Thou shalt descend into thy inner man and see if there be any traces of a soul there; till then, there can be nothing done." And again, the great Scotsman says: "All human beings do require to have an Ideal in them, as we said, were it only to keep the body unputrefied." In *Sartor Resartus* he exclaims: "Fool! the Ideal is in thyself."

The mention by Ghazali of dreams as proof of the existence of "windows in the heart" suggests his attitude regarding life as a dream. In his great work, *Revival of the Religious Sciences*, as quoted in Lewes' *Biographical History of Philosophy* and also in Draper's *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, this "Pillar of the Mosque" speaks of the dream theory: "I said to myself, During sleep you give to visions a reality and consistence, and you have no suspicion of their untruth. On awakening, you are made aware that they were nothing but visions. What assurance have you that all you feel and know when awake, does actually exist? It is all true as respects your condition at that moment; but it is nevertheless possible that another condition should present itself, which should be to your awakened state that which your awakened state now is to your sleep; so that in respect to this higher condition your waking is but sleep." Could anything be stated more simply and more movingly?

Ghazali became dissatisfied with the theological teachings of himself and other professors in the college at Bagdad, and went wandering over the world, seeking to blend philosophy and religion. Of his position at Bagdad he says: "I found

. . . . temptations assailing me on all sides. . . . Reflecting on the aim of any teaching, I found it was not pure in the sight of the Lord. I saw that all my efforts were directed towards the acquisition of glory to myself." How few men would make such a confession! One day as he was about to lecture, his tongue refused utterance. This seemed to him a sign from God. He lost his appetite and became depressed. Then, having distributed his possessions, he wandered to Damascus, Jerusalem, and Mecca. After years of spiritual groping he found satisfaction in the teachings of Sufism or mysticism, finally returning to his native Khorasan, where he died. Although classed as an Arabian philosopher, he was really a Persian, a contemporary of Omar Khayyam.

Ghazali's belief in the need for God did not rest content with catchwords and orthodox complacency. He was too earnest and intense for that, as Carlyle was to be seven centuries later. The Restorer of the Faith (a common title for him) scorned parrot-like phrases, such as the constant declaration of Mohammedans, "I take refuge in God." In his *Revival of the Religious Sciences* he says: "Satan laughs at such pious ejaculations. Those who utter them are like a man who should meet a lion in a desert, while there is a fort at no great distance, and, when he sees the evil beast should stand exclaiming, 'I take refuge in that fortress,' without moving a step toward it."

Among the rules of conduct laid down by him there is a chapter on marriage. In the translation of it in *The Alchemy of Happiness* from the Hindustani by Claude Field are found these instructions: "Wise men have said, 'Consult women, and act the contrary to what they advise.' In truth there is something perverse in women, and if they are allowed even a little license, they get out of control altogether, and it is difficult to reduce them to order again. In dealing with them one should endeavor to use a mixture of severity and tenderness, with a greater proportion of the latter. . . . As regards propriety, one cannot be too careful not to let one's wife look at or be looked at by a stranger, for the beginning of all mischief is in the eye. As far as possible, she should not be allowed out of the house, nor to go on the roof, nor to

stand at the door. Care should be taken, however, not to be unreasonably jealous and strict." These instructions ring strange to American ears of the twentieth century, but it is possible that there is a modicum of truth in some of them. Continuing, the instructions read: "If a man's wife be rebellious and disobedient, he should at first admonish her gently; if this is not sufficient he should sleep in a separate chamber for three nights. Should this also fail he may strike her, but not on the mouth, nor with such force as to wound her."

There is even a chapter on music and dancing. Says the master: "The heart of man has been so constituted by the Almighty that, like a flint, it contains a hidden fire which is evoked by music and harmony, and renders man beside himself with ecstasy. These harmonies are echoes of that higher world of beauty which we call the world of spirits; they remind man of his relationship to that world, and produce in him an emotion so deep and strange that he himself is powerless to explain it. The effect of music and dancing is deeper in proportion as the nature on which they act are simple and prone to emotion; they fan into a flame whatever love is already dormant in the heart, whether it be earthly and sensual, or divine and spiritual." This indicates the universal interests of the man, and his penetrating insight into all important phenomena.

In the history of philosophy Ghazali (or Algazel, as his name is often translated) is best known by his opposition to the philosophers of the Moorish school in Spain. Ghazali objected to their scholastic futilities and to their apparent exaltation of reason above the Koran, and attacked such procedure in his work, *The Destruction of the Philosophers*, to which Averroës replied in his famous *The Destruction of Destruction*. The appearance of Ghazali's book in Spain caused a furor, and led to the burning of the books of the philosophers, temporarily silencing them. On the other hand, Ghazali himself went to the extreme limits of reasoning in his endeavors to find a philosophical basis for a holy life according to the

Koran. At this time the Arabs represented the highest civilization in the world; Christian Europe was in a crude, almost barbarous condition.

Christian civilization has always underestimated the contributions of the Arabs to Europe. In addition to the important Arabic numerals, which superseded the clumsy Roman numerals, the Arabs taught Christian Europe its fundamentals of algebra, trigonometry, and chemistry; and contributed notably to astronomy, medical science, botany, and many industrial developments. They introduced into Europe rice, sugar, cotton, Arabian horses, and the silkworm, besides many new fruits and plants. They showed by their example how to make velvet, pottery, paper, gunpowder, damascened steel, and the fine leather of Cordova and Morocco. John W. Draper particularly praises the Arab civilization in Spain: "Cordova, under their administration, at its highest point of prosperity, boasted of more than two hundred thousand homes, and more than a million of inhabitants. After sunset, a man might walk in a straight line for ten miles by the light of the public lamps. Seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London. Cordova's streets were solidly paved. In Paris, centuries subsequently, whoever stepped over his threshold on a rainy day stepped up to his ankles in mud." Moreover, from the Arabs the English language has been enriched by such words as algebra, elixir, alcohol, cipher, alchemy, zenith, nadir, sirup, julep, camphor, admiral, cotton, sofa, etc.

Draper suggests that, in addition to these practical acquisitions of Arabic civilization, we could profit largely by a study of their ideas, particularly of the philosophy of the medieval Arabs. This subtle-minded people possessed a simplicity and sensitiveness developed from generations of life in the desert. When their conquests enabled them to enjoy luxurious refinements, they yet retained their love of quiet seclusion and reflection. Draper in his *History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science* says of the Western Arabs: "The Spanish khalifs had surrounded themselves with all the luxuries of Oriental life. They had magnificent palaces, enchanting gardens, seraglios filled with beautiful women. . . .

The houses were frescoed and carpeted; they were warmed in winter by furnaces, and cooled in summer with perfumed air brought by underground pipes from flower-beds. They had baths, libraries, and dining-halls, fountains of quicksilver and water. City and country were full of conviviality, and of dancing to the lute and mandolin. . . . The enchanting moonlight evenings of Andalusia were spent by the Moors in sequestered, fairy-like gardens or in orange-groves, listening to the romances of the story-teller, or engaged in philosophical discourses." Such a scene recalls Washington Irving's stories of the Alhambra; for that American writer fell under the spell of the old Moorish culture when he visited southern Spain; and his "Once upon a time," beginning some legend about a beauteous Moorish maid, is second only to the famous story-telling ability of Scheherazade, as evidence of the exploits and imagination of the medieval Arabs.

If Draper was right in suggesting that we can learn much from Arabic philosophy in spite of the difficulty of the language and the scarcity of translations, such a study might well begin with the writings of Ghazali. The earnest teacher from Khorasan was, in his way, a genius at expression and a master of practical philosophy.

## Taphia

ROBERT WITHINGTON  
Smith College

There used to be a story about a bride whose satisfaction in being told that she had a "model husband" vanished when she read in the dictionary: "*Model*—a small imitation of the real thing." There are models and models; some are to be copied, and others are roughly cast; some are moulded with care, and others turned out with the soul-less precision of machines. Gopher Prairie may never have considered itself as of the first kind; but it refused—and rightly—to be made over after some old New England village, with rows of elm-trees arching the main street, and square, white houses standing solidly in gardens. For then it would have been of the second kind of model, and uncomfortable in its artificiality.

I passed through such a New England village the other day, and waited in front of the little post-office while a friend went inside to put up a notice regarding a lost dog. The dog has nothing to do with these reflections, except that its escape from the motor the day before was responsible for my visit to that out-of-the-way corner of the state. My friend took some minutes to write his notice, and I sat outside in the car enjoying the repose of the village, and its neatness, as it lay quietly basking in the winter sunlight. Across the street stood a beautiful stone church, given by the Lady Bountiful of the place; the shadows of the bare elm-branches marked the lawn, and a network of ivy tendrils climbed high up the grey front, over the Gothic windows. The grass beneath was brown and tidy; a well-kept drive circled the church, and behind a low stone wall, peeping (as it were) around the building, a corner of the graveyard, with simple, white stones, stood out against the cypress-trees beyond. "Not unlike England," I thought, as I waited; and I felt a vague satisfaction in finding the likeness. For those English villages—

I wondered whether Lady Bountiful would, in time, be buried under the choir of the church; and my mind flew back to quaint old Devon—to Sussex, Buckinghamshire, and Nor-

folk. Tombs of the gentry in nave and aisle, and headstones of the less pretentious folk in the yard—what dignity they lent to the places of worship! In the centuries when the Church was the centre of life, when babies were brought to the font (not to the front drawing-room!); when vows were exchanged at the altar (not underneath the parlor chandelier!); when the grandsire was laid for a while within the hallowed precincts of the House of God ere he was carried to his last bed in the shadow of the walls outside—in those days, the Church was strong because it was entwined in the hearts of the people, because it was the background of their greatest emotional experiences. How foolish to think that unless the sacred edifice is likely to be filled, we must have services for our dead at home! One reason why the churches abroad are so much more impressive than ours—even the small village churches—is that the dead lie in them and about them, and hallow them. The building gains a hold on the people because their dead have been there, and one feels the benediction of those spirits whose pious memorials are about him. These monuments, and the mould beneath them, shape our thoughts toward Eternity; unconsciously we are moulded by the revered dust, which was as we are, and has trod the path we even now are following.

Some of our churches abound, I am aware, in memorial windows, cenotaphs, tablets, memorial altar-pieces—but these are not quite the same. They are, of course, better than no reminder whatsoever of the dead; but somehow the spirit of the dead is not a part of them. We feel the loss of this presence, and the memorial seems an empty shell. Our churches are not shrines, but business institutions, open seven days in the week for meetings, entertainments, clubs, picnics—European churches are open all day and every day, but for prayer; and one seeks them for inspiration and consolation—not as a rival to the movies.

Hygiene is doubtless responsible for depriving our churches of the presence of the dead. The city burial-ground is now, save in our older settlements, rarely seen; it has given way to "garden cemeteries" which are rather parks than God's acres. We are so busy that we have little time to visit them, and they

are so far from our daily haunts, that it is no effort to keep the sad thoughts of our lost ones from our worldly minds. We are not faced with well-remembered names graven on mossy marbles as we go to service on Sunday; we get out of the habit of making even a yearly pilgrimage to Greenwood or Holyshade or Woodlawn. Though we should not disturb such city-cemeteries as we have (and use no longer), we cannot lament the disappearance of others which have faded before such a fierce attack as Dickens's picture of

. . . a hemmed-in churchyard, pestiferous and obscene, whence malignant diseases are communicated to the bodies of our dear brothers and sisters who have not departed. . . Into a beastly scrap of ground which a Turk would reject as a savage abomination, and a Caffre would shudder at, they bring our dear brother here departed to receive Christian burial.

With houses looking on, on every side, save where a reeking little tunnel of a court gives access to the iron gate—with every villainy of life in action close on death, and every poisonous element of death in action close on life—here, they lower our dear brother down a foot or two: here, sow him in corruption, to be raised in corruption: an avenging ghost at many a sick bedside: a shameful testimony to future ages, how civilization and barbarism walked this boastful island together.

Come night, come darkness, for you cannot come too soon, or stay too long, by such a place as this! . . . Come, flame of gas, burning so sullenly above the iron gate, on which the poisoned air deposits its witch-ointment slimy to the touch! It is well that you should call to every passer-by, "Look here!"

Few better arguments for the most hygienic and æsthetic method of disposing of mortal remains can be found; and if cremation were obligatory, we might have the presence of the dead in our churches, without danger to the health of the community.

Time, it is said, hallows and beautifies; but I wonder if Time alone does. A house that has seen generations come and go, gains dignity; rarely does a hostelry, no matter how long travellers pass in and out of its doors. Time, with the mysteries of birth, marriage, and death—Time, with all the growth, and change, development and dissolution of families—in this way, Time brings dignity; not Time alone. How lifeless is a house where none has died—if such a house there be!—and how human (almost as if it shared our grief) a house becomes,



when a spirit which has known it passes into the Beyond. The mere procession of the years does not dignify a college Hall; the fact that men who have lived there, are now no more casts a halo about it. Even a boarding-house where a fellow-creature has died commands an emotion not usually awakened by such an establishment, for there is Awe in it; and an old house arouses our interest because—although we may not know the details—we are sure that tragedies have been lived within its walls, and that human beings loved and hated, lived and died there, before they crossed the border into the Unknown, where we, too, shall some day follow them.

With buildings, so with people. Who does not find charm in the marks which sorrow, and patience, and the understanding of life which trouble brings, add to the faces of the old? A doll of seventy! The thing is unthinkable—and yet we see Mrs. Skewton often in society, with paint and powder filling the wrinkles on her cheeks—Custom can stale, if age cannot wither, such changelessness. But sorrow and trouble add dignity to him who has learned from them, as graves add to the holiness of the churchyards abroad. Some cares are sordid, as some cemeteries are; but grief more often builds the soul than ruins it.

You were used

To say extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear,  
That when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Showed mastership in floating—

The bad and the ugly have been called but the background necessary to bring out the beautiful and the good, which otherwise we might not see; and even death is beautiful, though often we are so blinded by our tears that we cannot grasp the beauty of it. Our grief is selfish—for no matter what life may seem to hold in store for him who has gone, he is the gainer in the other world—or our faith is groundless; he is well, and the time comes when we are reconciled to our loss. The visible sign of the travellers who have gone before us, is the resting-place of their ashes; and it is good that we should join in worship near the graves of those who, when living, worshipped where we kneel.

An "organization" begins to become an "institution" when some one connected with it dies. This accounts, in a great degree, for its increased dignity. There are, to be sure, "institutions" which lack dignity; but that is because they forget their dead, and do not put that emphasis on the past which is the sign of culture. They tend to become "model institutions," with an emphasis on efficiency, heartlessness, mechanism. . . . Our churches are too much of the present—too little "of all time;" our colleges (most of them) are too much occupied with "student-hours," and too little concerned with past glories of their own, or any other, history—too much concerned about credits, and too little occupied with souls. When we forget our dead—when we get too busy to waste time with the Past—we are in danger of losing our dignity and our perspective; and the future will regard us, not as a model to copy, but as a "small imitation of the real thing,"—artificial, soul-less, hollow, insincere; an age chasing the gilded ball of Fortune, un moulded by the realities of Life.

## BOOK REVIEWS

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE. By Burton J. Hendrick. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday Page & Co., 1922. 2 Vols., x, 436, 437 pp.

In three spheres of activity Walter Hines Page had a deep and lasting influence; as journalist, as critic and constructive worker in certain movements aimed at the improvement of the common man, and as Ambassador at the Court of St. James. In the *Life and Letters* Mr. Hendrick has emphasized the latter activity, giving to the years of the ambassadorship 727 out of a total of 858 pages of literary text. Such a proportion is not warranted when the wide influence of Mr. Page in domestic affairs is considered; but it does contribute much to the story of Anglo-American relations during an epoch of strain and world crisis.

Walter H. Page was essentially a man of letters; such he was literally also, for he had to a greater degree than most of his contemporaries the art of grasping men to his soul through the written word; and his written word was literally written, for his letters were of the pen, not the typewriter. What sort of mind and personality is revealed by these written records of an intimately personal nature?

First of all he was unconventional in thought. He was no complacent conservative. To whatever problem or movement he gave his consideration he contributed an idea. And often his ideas came to pass, if not always by his own efforts, then at later times by the efforts of others. This was notably true of his interest in the rebuilding of North Carolina. How many of the ideas he advocated in his youth have now come to pass! In the field of journalism he put new life into the *Forum* and the *Atlantic* by bringing those sedate periodicals into closer touch with contemporary problems. And the same idea of the obligation of a periodical to inform the reader of the world today later materialized in the *World's Work*. Above all Mr. Page was a realist.

However he also had the faculty that many nonconformists do not have, that of seeing below the surface of things into

deeper realities. This is well illustrated by his conception of England and the English. Many of the customs of the country and the characteristics of the people that usually offend Americans only amused him; deeper than these he saw the opportunity to lead them into the ways of democracy, and the opportunity for that leadership was preëminently with the United States. Indeed he had a vision for a world leadership by his country; in 1913 he desired a closer coöperation of the Anglo Saxon peoples in order to prevent a world cataclysm. The outcome was the celebrated visit of E. M. House to Berlin.

The same power to penetrate below the surface enabled Mr. Page to see a moral question far greater than the technical issue of neutral rights in the relations between the United States and England in 1914 and 1915. Unfortunately he did not realize that the whole European structure of diplomacy and economics, as well as German policy exclusively, was also responsible for the cataclysm; moreover the editor of the *Life and Letters* has not absorbed any of the more recent interpretations and investigations of the world situation in 1914.

Success in handling difficult questions through personal tact and human sympathy characterized his Ambassadorship. How easy for a legalist to have precipitated a serious crisis between the United States and England, how fortunate was the actual outcome through Mr. Page's power of suggestion and his intimate friendship with Sir Edward Grey—this is well illustrated by more than one incident narrated in these volumes. Historians in the future will add much to the story of Anglo-American relations from 1913 to 1918, but one fact will remain unshaken—that the personality of Walter H. Page more than once shaped events and policy and that his opinion was a power to reckon with.

Finally Mr. Page was a southerner. Much of his time and thought in this country was given to the South, far more than the 131 pages devoted by his biographer to his life in this country would indicate. In personality and character he was distinctly southern, direct in speech, unconcealed in opinion, unconventional in thought; in these respects he suggests those reformers of the South who, in the later eighteenth century, sought to build in this region of the Republic a new order

based on the equality of man and the consent of the governed. His place belongs with Jefferson, Madison and George K. Taylor rather than with those who later shaped the destiny of the region. Fortunately he lived to see a reaction toward the democratic ideals of himself and these earlier leaders of his beloved home land.

W. K. B.

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A HISTORY OF SOCIAL THOUGHT. By Emory S. Bogardus, Ph.D. Los Angeles: University of Southern California Press, 1922, 510 pp.

This ought to be a useful book, if it is not in any way especially impressive. Its author believes that we have in the products of past and contemporary social thinkers a large body of worth while reflection and knowledge about human relationships. He is not like some of our sociologists who believe that nothing to speak of has yet been done in the fields of the human and social studies. In the present volume Professor Bogardus has undertaken to make available to the student and to the general reader an outline of the best in social thought past and present. No similar summary has been published in English.

According to Dr. Bogardus "the history of social thought rises out of the beginnings of human life on earth and with jagged edges extends along the full sweep of the changing historical horizon," finding expression through some of the world's best minds. To summarize in one book such a great phase of human culture is a large undertaking. To object to the fragmentary nature of some of the chapters is to object to the idea of such a volume.

All of the better known present-day sociologists are represented in the later chapters. About half of the book is devoted to sociology since the middle of the nineteenth century. Most of the remainder is concerned with great social philosophers or teachers—Buckle, Marx, Comte, Malthus, and Adam Smith; Sir Thomas More, Sir Francis Bacon, and Campanella; Jesus and St. Paul; Plato and Aristotle, for instances. But there are chapters on the social thought of primitive peoples, expressed in proverbs, the social thought of such nations as

Egypt and China, and one on the social teachings of the Old Testament. To social thinkers of the type of L. F. Ward of a generation ago it will seem that very generous treatment has been accorded to great religious leaders as social teachers. The chapters dealing with psycho-sociologic thought in contemporary scientific sociology do not show the influence of very recent tendencies in the Chicago school of sociologists—thence the probable protest of a considerable camp.

It would be easy to see faults in some of Dr. Bogardus's statements. For instance, some academic persons will wonder when they read that the socio-psychological thought of Professor Ross—good though it is—has penetrated the farthest reaches of human life (p. 406), or it may be questioned whether transforming a stoop-shouldered city young man into a good soldier will improve his germ-plasm (pp. 331-332), or, again, one may not agree that the section on birth control (p. 207) is written independently of certain *mores* and laws of our time and place. But pettifoggers ought not to read comprehensive books.

Not brilliant, not notably organized, without any central theme, Bogardus's *A History of Social Thought* clearly and succinctly sets forth a great deal of sound and indisputable information concerning what remarkable good minds have thought or known about human society and human welfare. As such it should help in the present-day extension of thought about such things to the masses.

C. C. CHURCH.

Chicago, Ill.

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A HISTORY OF THE LATIN AMERICAN NATIONS. By William Spence Robertson. New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1922, 617 pp.

THE NEW LATIN AMERICA. By J. Warshaw. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell Co., 1922, 415 pp.

It is a great satisfaction to see more and more good books appearing on the subject of Hispanic America, or as both our authors prefer to call it, Latin America. Too long have the people of the United States insisted upon calling themselves "Americans," and it is to be hoped that literature of this sort

will bring them face to face with the fact that there is another America and that its inhabitants too have a right to the name America. Indeed Carlos Bunge has already tried to enlighten Americans North and South with his volume "Nuestra America" (Our America) in which *the America* is the southern continent.

Dr. Robertson's book fills the long felt need for an authoritative single volume history of South America. Just as Hazen's volume on Europe since 1815 opened the eyes of many pre-war Americans to the fact that Europe had a history, so we may well expect that Robertson's volume will do the same for South, Central and Caribbean America. Dr. Robertson's earlier volume on the *Rise of the Spanish American Republics* marked him out pre-eminently among American historians as the man to write this volume and all those interested in Latin America will be delighted at the way in which he has fulfilled his obligations to the reading public. The chapters on the colonial period are ably presented in their proper unity and then after a particularly brilliant chapter on "The Winning of Independence" of the Latin American republics, he is forced into the usual method of treating the nations individually. This, of course, is the weak point of any book which tries to cover a vast continent in a single volume. Uruguay is really deserving of more than a single chapter of fifteen pages. But as far as balance and proportion are concerned, Dr. Robertson has really done admirably. Better fifteen pages on Uruguay than none at all, which constitutes the average North American's reading on this most progressive of the Hispanic American Republics.

Despite the very able concluding chapters on the present day problems of Latin America, Dr. Robertson's book is primarily a history and should be so judged. It is unquestionably the best thing on the market and will probably remain the standard work for some years to come, partly because there are few historians as well fitted as Dr. Robertson to do this task and partly because others have rather been waiting to see Dr. Robertson's book before making up their minds as to whether to essay it. We are inclined to think that the present volume will probably discourage any save the most serious

scholars, and we hope it will, as one good book is worth a dozen feeble attempts and the task of keeping up with current literature is difficult enough without having to sort out the flood of unsatisfactory volumes. Dr. Robertson's book is unquestionably of permanent value.

Dr. Warshaw's book is a different kind of a work. It cuts cross sections across Dr. Robertson's book and unquestionably it will be on the shelf of every man whose business or professional interests lie in the sub-continent. While not as pretentious a volume as Robertson's, Dr. Warshaw's book will certainly do a service which the larger work cannot do, that is, it will present in more concentrated form the facts about the social and economic development of the Latin American nations which ought to be familiar to all who see the vast possibilities of our foreign trade with our southern neighbors. It is an intensely practical volume which analyzes the nature of Spanish American cultural and economic institutions with the aim of throwing a real light on them for the benefit of benighted Yankees. The method of presentation is not by countries, but by topics, and this is in many respects a better way of getting at the subject for the reader who wants a tabloid dose, a generalized statement of things as they are in Latin America today. This book is more akin to the works of Dr. W. R. Shepherd, whose *Latin America* and *Hispanic Nations of the New World* attempt broad generalizations concerning the nature of Hispanic American progress. Of course all such generalizations are peculiarly dangerous in the case of Hispanic America, where states range all the way from the highly enlightened white man's country of Argentina to the funny little medieval republics of Central America. Dr. Warshaw's handling is judicious and temperate and will unquestionably be useful to all prospective salesmen in Hispanic America as well as to that rather indeterminate group known as "general readers."

RANDOLPH G. ADAMS.



EDUCATION FOR SOCIAL WORK. By Jesse Frederick Steiner. The University of Chicago Press, 1921.

With the recent establishment or expansion of Departments of Public Welfare in states and cities, the training of social workers has become one of the nation wide topics of interest. Accurate information about the qualifications necessary for success in the field and about the schools which offer training has been needed. Dr. Steiner, who as National Director of Educational Service of the American Red Cross during the Great War and as Professor of Social Technology at the University of North Carolina, has had unexcelled opportunities for studying social agencies, has compiled valuable data and suggested pertinent deductions in his short but comprehensive book. He gives an historical survey of social work in the United States, pointing out the change in emphasis indicated by the general change in nomenclature from agencies of "charities and correction" to "social work" or "public welfare." He discusses what is essential and what desirable in training social workers, with especial reference to a proper balance between academic courses and field work. He states: "The two most fundamental things that determine the educational value of field work are the participation in tasks under actual working conditions and the proper correlation of these tasks so that they fit into a systematic course of training." Whether or not welfare organizations can carry on this training and their regular work to the best advantage is still to be proved. Dr. Steiner asserts that while it is difficult to standardize training, it is not impossible, and compares the development with that of the professions of law, medicine and engineering, which are gradually being put on a graduate basis in colleges.

The chapter on rural social work, which gives details of the differences between the problems in the country and in urban districts is especially helpful to people interested in state-wide work. In general, Dr. Steiner's choice of material is admirable and his presentation so clear and concise, so free from technical terms, that his work can serve as a handbook to anyone who needs to know the fundamental problems of social training.

MARY O. COWPER.

TRAVELS IN VIRGINIA IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES. Edited by A. J. Morrison. Richmond: J. P. Bell Co., 1922.

These selections from works of travel written in the second half of the eighteenth century comprise eleven different authors. Mr. Morrison has selected with great care some of the most representative of the travellers of the period, including English, French, German, Italian and Irish observers. He has excerpted from their writings in regard to Virginia and given tabloid doses of each. The average reader cannot, as Mr. Morrison has done, sit down in this modern day and read the volume of travel of an earlier epoch. Mr. Morrison has not only read but he has edited several such works and is well qualified to compose this little book, which is a gem of its kind, presenting short sketches of what southern life was like, from various points of view, in the day of the American Revolution. The work is done with such care that any reader with a map before him can easily follow the route of the old travellers on a modern map. But he should be warned never to try to find a place, a town or river by the spelling it had in that earlier day. Let the reader read the name aloud if he would recognize it by its modern spelling. Mr. Morrison's little volume should be in the hands of every Virginia and North Carolina student of the past.

RANDOLPH G. ADAMS.

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MADAM MARGOT. By John Bennett. New York: The Century Co., 1922, 110 pp.

This story for "grown-ups" by the author of the two juvenile books, "Master Skylark" and "Barnaby Lee," the former now more than twenty-five years old and meeting with increasing popularity, is a weird legend woven around Old Charleston, S. C., and is as grotesque and uncanny as the leatherwing bat which adorns the title page.

Madam Margot, a Creole of surpassing enchantment, holding captive the souls of men, sells her own soul to the Devil in an effort to keep her lovely daughter, Gabrielle, innocent of the world. "Day after day Gabrielle knelt in the garden and plead for her heart's desire. Night after night Margot

crouched on her floor and prayed, in despair and agony, that it might not be given her." "Mother," she says wistfully, "what is it fills the world with music day and night? What is it makes the whole world sing?" "Happiness," replied Margot, "and joy of the spring." "If it be happiness," replied Gabrielle, "why does it make my heart ache? Why does spring hurt me so? And what is this love of which every one sings—we women most of all?" Margot startled and wrung with sudden fear, looks at her daughter in terror and cries, "The source of all wretchedness. Leave it alone! It is nothing but fever and fret! . . . God keep you from it. Two parts are pain, two sorrow, and the other two parts are death." But Gabrielle assures her that she does not mind death, and asks why should she fear love.

Though Margot's love for her beautiful daughter turns to bitterness, the author leads the youthful Gabrielle into beautiful gardens, sweet with the odour of old-time flowers, where "the air was full of the golden vision of light-footed maidens with fluttering garments, flying through Lilac lane, pursued by ardent and breathless lovers," and as Gabrielle stands amid such a scene, "brooding on life's inexplicable theme," through the green hedge appeared a lad's face, laughing and debonair, with eyes as "audaciously bright as wild stars." Here love's story begins.

This little book is full of rare and charming description, intermingled with choice bits of life's philosophies, and much of the tragedy of true love. It breathes the glory of old Southern gardens seen by moonlight, with their murmuring fountains, scented vines, lavish statuary and dew-laden moon-flowers. The book is dramatic and poetic, and fascinating throughout.

D. W. NEWSOM.

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ROOSEVELT IN THE BAD LANDS. By Herman Hagedorn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1921, 491 pp.

In studying the life of a prominent man, we often find the most absorbing interest in the period prior to the time when his prominence began. This fact is due to several reasons:

First, it is usually the most obscure part of the man's life, and it is a characteristic of human nature to be inquisitive about and to pry into obscurities. Second, we often have strong desire to know just what were the circumstances or factors which were effective in making the person an outstanding individual. To furnish this information, autobiographies have their place, but they do not give us the satisfactory point of view. What we wish to know is, what reaction did his influence obtain in those with whom he was most intimately associated. *Roosevelt in the Bad Lands* is an attempt to furnish just such facts about a unique part of Roosevelt's life. But to know the facts is one thing and to weave them into an interesting narrative is quite another. This is especially difficult when one wishes to avoid exaggeration or distortion of these facts which is often a tendency in many biographical and historical sketches. In preparing this book, the author has not only obtained a large amount of interesting authentic information, but has succeeded in preserving its authenticity in telling a fascinating story. His method has been the most desirable in writing a book of this nature; that is, to get in as close communication as possible with the various individuals who came to be more or less closely associated with Roosevelt during his four years of ranch life. Consequently the story is replete with many characters all of whom are real and, with few exceptions, equally interesting.

The setting of this story is laid in the Bad Lands of western North Dakota, that picturesque country of fantastic buttes, treacherous coulees, and the piercing, shivering wail of the coyote. It begins in 1883 and ends in 1887, that period in the development of that western frontier when there was a transition from the unorganized and chaotic social and political conditions to that of government, law, and order. What brought Roosevelt to the Bad Lands in 1883 seems to have been mainly a desire for adventure which he hoped to find in hunting the then rapidly vanishing buffalo of the western plains. That it was perhaps not the only motive is evident from the fact that before he had bagged his first and only buffalo, he had signed a check for fourteen thousand dollars which was to be used in the purchasing of cattle and the establishment of what came

to be known as the "Ranch of the Maltese Cross." The undertaking proved to be an unprofitable one; but if he lost financially, he gained in the building up of a robust physical constitution, the development of courage and will power, and an accumulation of a great variety of invaluable experiences among the cattlemen and cowboys of a lawless country. Besides being a valuable contribution to the biography of Theodore Roosevelt, this book will no doubt be of permanent historical value.

H. L. BLOMQUIST.

Trinity College.

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UNDER THE MAPLES. By John Burroughs. With an introductory note by Clara Barrus. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1922, 216 pp.

In *The Summit of the Years* John Burroughs states that he has never written with the intention of making money, but that he simply wrote when he felt inspired to do so and about something in which he was deeply interested. In no other volume by the greatest of our naturalists is this more evident than in *Under the Maples*. This book is a collection of forty-two short essays on a variety of subjects relating to natural history and travel, written at different times and in different parts of the country. These essays are written in the same unaffected and charming style which marks Burroughs as the leading contemporary essayist. While many of these essays show a philosophical trend of thought, a characteristic more common to his later books, others show his comprehensive and profound knowledge not only of natural history which he had obtained first-hand but of the more academic and theoretical phases of the natural sciences as well. To those who have found delight in the reading of Burroughs, this little volume will be a welcomed addition.

H. L. BLOMQUIST.

Trinity College.

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BIRTHRIGHT. By T. S. Stripling. New York: The Century Co., 1922, 309 pp.

GOAT ALLEY. By Ernest Howard Culbertson. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co., 1922, 155 pp.

HARLEM SHADOWS. By Claude McKay. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1922, 95 pp.

NEGRO FOLK RHYMES. By Thomas W. Talley. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1922, 347 pp.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO POETRY. By James Weldon Johnson. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1922, 217 pp.

THE NEGRO IN LITERATURE AND ART. By Benjamin Brawley. New York: Duffield & Co., 1921, 197 pp.

*Birthright*, a novel by a young Southern white man, has already excited considerable comment. It is the story of an educated negro who returns from Harvard to a backward Southern village with high ideals for the education of his race. Shiftlessness, petty thievery, exploitation and petty injustice from the white people, sexual carelessness, and rank, superstitious ignorance are the racial problems that confound him. The chief value of the book lies in the objective and dispassionate consideration of these problems. The hero is too weak to settle problems, but he thinks about them instructively. The industrial progress of the negro in progressive parts of the South is ignored. Nevertheless, there are few Southerners who could not profit by reading this book.

*Goat Alley* is a tragedy of negro life in the slums of Washington. In its realism it undoubtedly comes very close to the naked truth of poverty as it may be observed in the negro quarter of any southern city. A negro woman, in the face of invincible circumstances, tries vainly to preserve her physical fidelity to her husband and ends by murdering her baby and being murdered by her husband. In spite of its clean language, the play makes unpleasant reading, unfortunately and unwholesomely true. Both hero and heroine are sympathetic figures, but neither has a real chance against fate.

*Harlem Shadows* is a book of poems in which a young negro poet presents the realistic side of negro life in Harlem. Despite the fact that some of his poems on racial themes are marred by savage bitterness and some of the amorous poems by licentious passion, Claude McKay demonstrates in this volume more real poetic ability than has been shown by any other negro poet except Dunbar and Braithwaite. There is warm tropical color and genuine poetic longing in the poems based upon memories of Jamaica.

*Negro Folk Rhymes* is a collection of about 350 negro songs, only a few of which are accompanied by the music. There is a 98-page "Study in Negro Folk Rhymes" which contains some worth while information about the conditions under which the songs are sung and about negro musical instruments. The author shows a thorough familiarity with his material, but his presentation is rather clumsy and indicates no acquaintance with the literature of the subject.

The author of *The Book of American Negro Poetry* is secretary for the Society for the Advancement of the Colored Race—hence, perhaps, a rather undue emphasis is given to the poetry of protest. On the whole, the volume covers the field from Dunbar to McKay very satisfactorily. It presents contemporary material that would otherwise be practically inaccessible to the general reader. A fuller representation of the older poets would have increased the value of the book as a reference and would have set forth more clearly the progress of negro poetry. The biographical index of authors is adequate, perhaps, for the cursory reader, but too sketchy for real reference purposes.

*The Negro in Literature and Art* is a clear and orderly account of the negro's accomplishment in literature, oratory, painting, sculpture, music, and drama. Professor Brawley is almost unique among negro writers in not allowing sympathy or race propaganda to warp his critical judgment. The appendix contains an interesting study of "The Negro in American Fiction" and two valuable bibliographies. This volume is the best study of its kind that has yet appeared.

NEWMAN I. WHITE.

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LINCOLN: AN ACCOUNT OF HIS PERSONAL LIFE, ESPECIALLY OF ITS SPRINGS OF ACTION AS REVEALED AND DEEPENED BY THE ORDEAL OF WAR. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 474 pp.

Among the numerous biographies of Lincoln this book has a well deserved eminence. Its theme is the spiritual and mental development of a personality. The evidence of that development is found in the reaction of events and crises in public life upon the inner spiritual man. Just as Mr. Rothschild has told

the story of Lincoln's mastery of men, Mr. Stephenson tells the story of his mastery of political crises and significant events. His work has something of the insight of a psychologist as well as the art of a historian; indeed its value as a piece of political history measures well with its value as an interpretation of character.

Lincoln's mental development seems to have been in the nature of a series of reactions from aloofness and introspection to activity and a grasp on matters of the practical, real world around him. The earlier of these reactions was manifested in comradeship and the innumerable stories that made him famous. But always there was behind the companionable raconteur a wondering, mystical, uncertain and questioning state of mind; it was sometimes submerged, sometimes in the ascendant. Such a personality was not plastic; it tended to be rigid and unyielding, and the reaction to political issues was rather limited. Indeed Mr. Lincoln did not see through all the complex issues of his times and if it had not been that the one great question on which he had definite and unyielding conviction became a national question he would have been doomed to obscurity. But always, down to the last eighteen months of his life, he was given to alternate reactions from aloofness, inactivity, even self distrust to action, vitality and confidence. To delimitate and describe these periods in his life is the purpose of Mr. Stephenson. It is interesting to note that he attributes Lincoln's final mastery of political issues to a mastery of his inner self, and that took the form of a definite conclusion concerning his relationship to God.

In the large realm of political history the book has a distinct value. It contains a comprehensive survey of one phase of national politics, the partizan factions in Congress and their attitude toward the President. Notable also is the estimate of the forces favorable to the President in his reconstruction policy at the time of his assassination. Likewise valuable are certain suggestions in the critical notes on mooted points, especially the possible relationship between the Virginia plan of compromise in the spring of 1861 and Seward's proposal of a foreign war.

W. K. B.



